THE HISTORY OF FEMALE FAVOURITES.

OF

MARY DE PADILLA, under *Peter the Cruel*, King of *Caſtile*;
LIVIA, under the Emperor *Auguſtus*;
JULIA FARNESA, under Pope *Alexander the Sixth*;
AGNES SOREAU, under *Charles* VII. King of *France*;

AND

NANTILDA, under *Dagobert*, King of *France*.

LONDON:
Printed for C. PARKER, the Upper End of NEW BOND-STREET.

M.DCC.LXXII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the following Pieces have been thought not without Merit, and ſome Gentlemen who have ſeen the Manuſcript wiſhed they might be publiſhed, it is preſumed an Apology will be needleſs for introducing them to the Public, from whom if the Work receives Approbation, every End will be ſufficiently anſwered to their

Very humble Servant,

The EDITOR.

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THE

HISTORY

OF

FEMALE FAVOURITES.

Mary *of* Padilla, *under* Peter the Cruel, *King of* Caſtile.

IF ever man was to be deteſted for his vices, it was Don Pedro, ſurnamed the Cruel, king of Caſtile. He was ſon to Alphonſo and Mary of Portugal; and Rome ſuffered leſs under the Caligula's and Nero's, than Spain did under the reign of this infamous prince.

The firſt act of his reign, was to abandon Leonora of Guzman, who had been his father's miſtreſs, to the jealouſy of queen Mary, who killed her with much inhumanity, and to perſecute five ſons which ſhe had by king Alphonſo.

Don Frederick, grand maſter of St. James, was the eldeſt, though born at the ſame time with Don Henry, and had received from heaven all thoſe qualifications which can render a man commendable. Don Henry was not ſo advantageouſly furniſhed with the gifts of nature, but poſſeſſed thoſe of wit and courage. Don Tello was extremely handſome, brave, daring, gentile, prudent, civil, and very ſuſceptible of love. Don John and Don Pedro being children, were capable of little.

Theſe princes, conſiderable by their merit to the Caſtilians, could not be admired without creating a violent jealouſy in Don Pedro. The death of Leonora de Guzman their mother, who had brought them up with ſuch care and tenderneſs,

did

did moſt ſenſibly afflict them. Frederick, leſs turbulent than his brothers, ſeemed not to reſent it ſo highly, though as much grieved as they. But Don Henry and Don Tello giving way to a lawful grief, attempted to revenge their mother, and mortified Don Pedro's pride in making conſiderable parties againſt him. Don Henry retired with great forces to Arunda de Duero, and Don Tello to Gijon, where Don Pedro purſued them. He was doubly incenſed againſt Don Henry, whom Donna Juanna de Manuel, princeſs of the blood of Caſtile, prefer'd to him, though a ſovereign.

While he was preparing to fight theſe two illuſtrious rebels, the Caſtilians, who were beſt affected to the government, mediated the unhappy marriage of Blanche, daughter to Charles duke of Bourbon, and ſiſter to Jane wife of Charles the Fifth, king of France. John of Ruelas, biſhop of Burgos, and Alvar Garcia, of Albernos, were deputed upon this embaſſy, and were granted the fair princeſs, who would have done ſo much honour to Caſtile, had ſhe

not been ſacrificed by a monſter of rigour and impiety.

During this negotiation, the ſavage Don Pedro beſieged Gijon, and that ſiege occaſioned a paſſion in his ſoul as violent as it was unjuſt and unſeaſonable.

Don Alphonſo d'Albuquerque, confident to the queen mother, and the king's favourite, never forſook Don Pedro, and Leonora of Meneſe, his wife, followed the royal army, to pleaſe her huſband. As her quality and fortune were conſiderable, ſo was her equipage great and magnificent, and few queens could be better attended. Several ladies of noble families, choſen from among the handſomeſt of both Caſtiles, were with her; but ſhe that ſhone the brighteſt in the houſe of Madam d'Albuquerque, was Mary de Padilla, who received an hundred various charms from an extreme youth and beauty. She was but low, yet the graces ſeem'd to compoſe her perſon; the whiteneſs of her ſkin, the vivacity of her eyes, the laughing air of her mouth, and

the

the regularity of her other features, left nothing more to be wiſhed for. She was of a briſk humour, had a ſharp wit, full of agreeable fancies, but a vain and ambitious ſoul. Artifice was her moſt perfect ſcience, there was nothing but ſhe was capable of to compaſs her ends, and her inſinuating way eſtabliſh'd her ſo well in the favour of Monſieur and Madam d'Albuquerque, that they ſoon diſtinguiſhed her from the reſt. Don Pedro ſaw her at the ſiege of Gijon, ſhe diſputed his heart with cruelty; and that paſſion which quickly diſtracted, made him neglect the cares of war, and a match he was no way worthy of.

Mary of Padilla was too much biaſs'd by intereſt to neglect ſuch a conqueſt, and her engaging airs, apt to enſnare, did ſo enſlave a man ſtrong in nothing but crimes, that ſhe ſoon ſaw herſelf an abſolute ſovereign.

Madam d'Albuquerque made ſome difficulty at firſt to favour an intrigue of that nature, but her ſeverity yielded to the

cuſtoms of the court, and the intereſt of her huſband, whoſe credit ſhe was obliged to ſupport; Gijon ſurrendered, war gave place to love, peace was made, and the reconciled princes returned to Valladolid.

Don Tello was no leſs eagerly engaged in the ſervice of Donna Juanna de Lara, as amiable a perſon as ever was, and who poſſeſſed the lordſhip of Biſcay, and as much envied in Spain as Don Henry his brother was upon Donna Juanna Manuel's account. Don Pedro ſignalized his paſſion, or rather his amorous fury for Mary de Padilla, by a profuſion of preſents: And that he might appear gallant in her eyes, he made a tournament at Toledo, but was there ſo wounded in the hand, and loſt ſo much blood, that his life was thought in danger. Mary de Padilla left him not one moment; her officious cares, with her counterfeit or real tears, were ſtill new engagements to Don Pedro. At length Blanche of Bourbon, the beautiful and ſad victim of an intereſted ſtate, arrived; but all that was ſaid to her advantage, gave not the leaſt curioſity to the pre-

poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed Don Pedro; and if his favourites and his miſtreſs herſelf had not forced him to go to ſee her at Valladolid, perhaps he had never ſeen her.

The queen mother had received the young queen with great teſtimonies of joy, and performed the honours of her court with much grandeur; while Don Pedro left with much regret her who inchanted him, and came where he was expected.

Blanche of Bourbon, with the greateſt beauty in the world, had likewiſe the greateſt wiſdom: Her majeſty was worthy of her rank; no head could be more properly adorned with a crown than her's, and her ſubjects would have been too happy, had her power been equal to her virtue.

Fame had but too well inſtructed her what ſort of an huſband they made her go in purſuit of. And though the pity or prudence of thoſe that accompanied her, obliged them to conceal the fooliſh paſſion that poſſeſſed him, ſhe was not ignorant,

of that invincible cruelty which compoſed his chief title, and the few charms he had to repair ſo great a fault; but when ſhe ſaw him, her ſoul was ſtruck with a ſad horror, and his phyſiognomy was ſuch that the princeſs was heartily frightened at the firſt ſight. However, ſubmitting to the neceſſity of a public action, as became her duty, ſhe received him with reſpect, and ſaluted him with much civility. The flambeaux which illuminated this interview, becauſe 'twas night when Don Pedro arrived, gave new charms to the young queen: As a victim is crowned with flowers to be conducted to the ſlaughter, ſo ſhe was adorned againſt her will; her cloaths were very magnificent, and coming from a court which exceeds all others in the art of dreſſing, every thing anſwered her extraordinary beauty, which a ſad languor made infinitely moving.

Don Pedro appeared ſtupid, or rather brutiſh, looking, without any ſenſibility, upon what might move the moſt inſenſible: And a vicious affection carrying it over

over lawful engagements, he haſtened the ceremony only to return to Mary de Padilla.

From the palace they went to church, where the marriage was conſummated, but, alas! in what manner? Don Pedro carried nothing but an uneaſy coldneſs, and the princeſs a heart pierced with a thouſand different griefs. Oh! with what difficulty did ſhe turn her innocent hand towards ſuch a criminal king, and with what a bad grace did he make a tender of his! An alliance made under the auſpices of repugnance and averſion, muſt needs prove unfortunate. But though the queen found nothing but coldneſs and contempt in Don Pedro, a thouſand generous hearts were moved with reſpect, eſteem, and even love for her.

With the king were the princes of the blood, his favourites, and all the grandees of Spain; the queens were followed by abundance of illuſtrious ladies, among which Donna Juanna de Manuel, and Donna Juanna de Lara, objects worthy of the

the amorous flames of Don Henry and Don Tello, ſparkled like two growing ſtars in that pompous and unhappy day, and the three ſons of Leonora de Guzman had improved their good mien by outward ornaments.

The grand maſter of St. James, who had till that time enjoyed a heart free and without deſires, felt his tranquil condition change into a ſtate of trouble and fruitleſs wiſhes. The infinite charms of queen Blanche, her deplorable deſtiny, and her intereſted languor, inſpired him with ſentiments which he only took at firſt for a bare compaſſion, but which he quickly found to be an ardent love. All the actions of that amiable princeſs were accompanied with a penetrating ſweetneſs, which ſounded the moſt rebellious inclinations even to the bottom of the hardeſt hearts. Frederick looked upon her, during the ceremony, with an attention which nothing could interrupt, and as ſhe had never ſeen a compleater man than he, their eyes often met.

This

This pompous court left the temple to return to the palace, where a feaſt was prepared worthy of the day. Thoſe who ought to have been the ſouls of this feaſt, only ſpake with their looks, and thoſe looks ſaid next to nothing. There was a profound ſilence while they were eating; the ſound of ſeveral inſtruments could not awaken this drowſineſs. The ball which ſucceeded the meal made no addition to their joy, ſo every one retired full of different thoughts. The queen mother, afflicted at Don Pedro's negligence to the moſt beautiful princeſs in the univerſe, complained of it to Don Alphonſo d'Albuquerque, who only ſhrugged up his ſhoulders. All the world pity'd Blanche of Bourbon; but Frederick, the tender and intereſted Frederick, did it much more ſadly than the reſt, and paſſed a moſt cruel night.

The day after the wedding, the young queen endeavouring to overcome the averſion ſhe had for Don Pedro, and to ſubmit to her condition by an effort of reaſon and virtue, preſented him with a girdle

of

of precious ſtones of great value, and of an ingenious work, which made it ſtill more eſtimable. He could not refuſe it, tho' he was almoſt tempted to it, and having adorned himſelf with it, the queen received ſome conſolation.

He ſtaid but three days at Valladolid, which to him ſeemed ſo many ages, during which he receiv'd courier upon courier, from Mary de Padilla, to invite him to come and cure the uneaſineſs ſhe ſuffer'd for his abſence. He found with joy he was ſtill her ſlave, by the tranſports he was in at the news of her being with child.

The queen's fine girdle immediately ſtruck her jealous eyes, and ſhe no ſooner learnt from whom Don Pedro had it, but ſhe deſired it, to imitate the work. Don Pedro would have ſurrendered it up for ever; but ſhe artfully anſwered, that he ought to wear it, leſt it ſhould be taken for contempt. He acquieſced, and this pernicious woman uſed it to the worſt of purpoſes.

As

As ſhe had a penetrating wit, and knew perfectly well that the hearts of men, eſpecially of kings, are ſubject to inconſtancy, to fence herſelf againſt that misfortune, ſhe had tampered with a Jew, a declared magician, who, by his black and abominable ſcience, committed crimes as horrible as her ſoul. 'Twas with this diſciple of devils ſhe entruſted Don Pedro's girdle, and the charm he put upon it was ſuch, that when the king came to wear it, he thought he had been begirt and ſtung with a ſerpent, crying out in a moſt diſmal manner. There needed not ſuch malignant artifices to ruin a queen already miſerable. Mary de Padilla, and all her creatures, perſuaded him that this preſent of his wife's, was a mortal favour which ſhe had ſpent above one day in poiſoning. Theſe their ſuggeſtions, and the fearful effect of the girdle, redoubled his averſion for the queen, whom he promiſed to avoid eternally, making a thouſand new oaths of love to the moſt deteſtable of her ſex.

In the mean time, Blanche of Bourbon was buried at Valladolid in a moſt profound melancholy. The memory of France, and the delights of her family, made her ſigh inceſſantly. But ſhe was not alone in this employment, for the grand maſter of St. James, ſubjected to an empire he durſt not own, ſpent all the moments of his life in ſad reflections. How many times did he reproach the ſtrange blindneſs of fortune in matching two perſons ſo very different? With what eagerneſs did he ſeek the queen? In what manner did he look upon that charming and unfortunate object? And what wou'd he not have done to ſoften the rigour of her deſtiny?

Don Pedro had carried Mary of Padilla to Toledo, where he wallowed in voluptuouſneſs. All the world was concerned at his ill conduct; and Don Alphonſo d'Albuquerque made him apprehend better than any other, that his treatment of the queen would not only draw upon him the diſpleaſure of France, but the contempt of other nations. After a long reſiſtance

ſiſtance he conſented to return to Valladolid, on condition Mary de Padilla would come after him; and that woman, devoted to infamy, immodeſtly appeared at court, though in a condition ſhe had reaſon to be much aſhamed of: She met with no agreeable reception, and all her aſcendant over the king could not hinder the virtuous part of mankind from looking upon her with diſdain; but the flatterers compoſed for her a particular court, and paid her no ſmall homage. The queen mother expreſſed a coldneſs diſpleaſing to Don Pedro. Blanche of Bourbon affected nothing, and only ſhewed an indifference for an enemy unworthy of her anger.

Fortune had not yet exhauſted her capricios. Mary de Padilla, though adored by Don Pedro, fell deſperately in love with the grand maſter of St. James, as ſoon as ever ſhe ſaw him. She was ſuſceptible of that paſſion, and having more judgment than goodneſs, the merit of Frederick made a quick and violent effect upon her. The king acted inconſiderately againſt

againſt the light of reaſon and rules of duty. The beautiful and ſad queen loved nothing but grief, Frederick died in ſecret for her, and Mary de Padilla languiſhed for him.

Don Pedro did not ſo much as pay thoſe common civilities to queen Blanche, as the moſt indifferent perſon might in decency expect. The fatal girdle, infected by the Jew, added ſuch a ſavageneſs to his humour, as made him inſupportable both to the queen and all his court.

The new fires of Mary de Padilla grew very uneaſy, through the neceſſity of a troubleſome reſtraint. Donnas Juanna de Manuel and De Lara were great admirers of, and ſtrongly tied to the queen, who received no ſmall conſolation in their friendſhip. Don Pedro then hated Donna Juanna de Manuel, becauſe he had loved her too well; and as that young princeſs had never any kindneſs for him, ſo ſhe was much better pleaſed with the teſtimonies of his hatred, than ſhe had been with thoſe of his love.

As Juanna de Lara was able to put Don Tello in a condition of defying the king of Caſtile's tyranny, ſo did ſhe find herſelf much inclined to it: She had a ſiſter married to Don John of Arragon, but ſhe was the eldeſt and preſumptive heireſs to a fine and rich province. The queen mother hated all the children of Leonora de Guzman, and they would have taſted but ſmall pleaſure in Caſtile, had not love afforded them an agreeable amuſement.

As Don Pedro's injuſtice to Blanche, and blindneſs for Mary de Padilla, encreaſed more and more, the queen was publickly lamented, which made the king ſtill more cruel: Not a day paſſed but his barbarity was ſignalized by ſome murder, and the places he inhabited overflowed with innocent and virtuous blood. He was juſt upon the point of depriving Caſtile of all its great men; and thoſe that ſerved him the moſt faithfully, were not exempt from fear, under a tyrant who at all times, and in all places, violated both divine and human laws, and

whoſe paſſions were not to be bridled either by reaſon or neceſſity.

The only thing capable of mortifying him was not come to his knowledge; for Mary de Padilla taking advantage of his weakneſs, managed him with too much cunning to let him perceive her inclinations for Frederick; but ſhe would willingly have made a diſcovery to that young Prince of what ſhe ſo carefully concealed from Don Pedro. Her eyes were very eloquent, but the heart of the grand maſter having no ſympathy with vicious paſſions, underſtood them not; and though he loved extremely, it was with an infinite reſpect, and a purity worthy of the perſon beloved.

Mary de Padilla having languiſhed for ſome days, grew impatient in her wiſhes, and vain of her favour, which made her determine to purchaſe that repoſe ſhe had loſt at the expence of a little ſhame. The ſons of Leonora de Guzman could expect nothing but misfortunes from Don Pedro; their very birth made all things con-

contrary to them; the queen was extremely revengeful, the king's cruelty was not unknown, and an hundred different enemies, not favoured enough to their thinking in Alphonſo's reign, accuſed none but Leonora de Guzman: In ſhort, Mary de Padilla eaſily perſuaded herſelf that Don Frederick would think it no ſmall advantage to enter into a ſecret intrigue with her.

As theſe reflections raiſed her hopes, ſo did they increaſe her confidence, in taking from her all ſenſe of modeſty. But in order to explain herſelf to Don Frederick, it was neceſſary to make uſe of ſome other language beſides that of the eyes, and ſhe waver'd not ſo much upon the reſolution, as the difficulties of putting it in practice. She ſaw him every where, but it was not every where ſhe could ſo eaſily diſcourſe with him, and public places are not very proper for myſterious affairs. She had obſerved his melancholy, but all her penetration could not at firſt find out the cauſe. He never courted any pleaſant company, though moſt agreeable to his

age, and ſolitary walks were to him moſt charming.

Mary de Padilla, who obſerved him, ſaw he uſually retired into the remoteſt places of the gardens at the royal palace in Valladolid: 'Twas there, amongſt the thickeſt trees, and moſt obſcure grottos, that this amorous prince concealed thoſe fires he feared the diſcovery of more than death.

Don Pedro's miſtreſs, or rather lover of Don Frederick, deſcended one morning into the garden, under the pretence of taking a little air, to diſperſe a pain in her head, and ſhe engaged Don Pedro to ſpend ſome moments in weighty affairs, which he rarely thought of. She only took one ſervant with her, who was too inclinable to love to create any ſuſpicion; after having run over all the walks, without finding Frederick, and paſſing by a grotto out of the common paths, ſhe there ſaw him aſleep upon the moſs. Led on by her paſſion, ſhe left her confidante at the entry of the grotto, and went into it;

it; though the prince was aſleep, even then his troubles were painted upon his face; he was pale, his eye-laſhes ſeemed moiſt, his arms were careleſsly ſtretched out, and his hair ſpread about with a negligence ſuitable to his languiſhing and afflicted ſtate.

" How!" ſaid Mary de Padilla, within herſelf, " doth Frederick weep? Frede-
" rick, who, in appearance, is indifferent
" to all the world, doth he ſeek out ſoli-
" tude, languiſh, and ſuffer ſo much?
" Ah! doubtleſs he is in love; nothing
" but that preſſing influence could produce
" ſuch ſad effects. But of whom?" continued ſhe, " Is he one of his brother's
" rivals? ſuch an adventure might plunge
" him into trouble, but that cannot be,
" ſince his eyes are dumb before thoſe I
" ſuſpect. O! had I the fortune to
" pleaſe him, how happy ſhould we be!"
The prince, who ſigh'd at that moment, turn'd his head a little, without waking; and Mary de Padilla ſeeing upon a table, againſt which he had leaned with his face, a table book lie open, with ſomething

written in it, ſhe boldly took it up and withdrew, for fear of being catch'd in her thievery. When ſhe was got to the palace, ſhe read theſe lines in Frederick's table book:

" Tender motions, ardent love without
" hope, keep ſilence. I ſuffer inceſſantly,
" and die every moment. Alas! to what
" end is my perſeverance? A cruel ſilence
" augments my grief, for I dare not ſo
" much as diſcover myſelf to her I adore.
" From the return of night, to that of
" Aurora, ſhedding of tears is my moſt
" pleaſing employment. Profound reſpect,
" hard reſtraint, chain up for ever my
" amorous ſecret. Be ſtill ſevere and
" rigorous, but condemn not an innocent
" complaint."

Mary de Padilla ſaw her ſuſpicions converted into certainty upon reading theſe lines, and ſaw it with a furious jealouſy. Doubtleſs ſuch a ſevere reſpect had no relation to her; ſhe hit upon the truth, and concluded that none but the queen herſelf could make the grand maſter ſo

reſerved

reſerved and paſſionate both together, as he ſeemed to be. She carefully ſhut up the table book, and left to her own eyes the care of making farther diſcoveries.

Don Pedro, who grew weary of Valladolid, where he was obliged to appear leſs idle than any where elſe, importuned Mary de Padilla to go back to Toledo; but ſhe was not diſpoſed to remove, ſhe rather choſe to ſeem prudent, becauſe intereſted, and perſuaded the king to force his inclinations.

In the mean time, the grand maſter of St. James miſſing his table book, was much grieved at the loſs; and though there was nothing clear enough to give a perfect knowledge of what paſſed in his ſoul, he could not forbear being very uneaſy. He aſked the gardeners whether they had ſeen any one enter; they anſwered, no; and finding himſelf much diſordered, he appeared not all the reſt of the day.

Mary de Padilla was not ſo much miſtreſs of herſelf to ſtop there, but reſolved to carry the table book where ſhe had found it, not doubting but that ſolitary place, where ſcarce any ever enter'd, but thoſe who took care of the waters, was often made the receptacle of Don Frederick's ſighs. After having copied his lines, ſhe wrote others in the ſame place, the better to bring about her deſigns: She had a wit capable of difficult things; fable was familiar, poetry eaſy to her, and ſhe in a moment compoſed an oracle, which might have perplexed a more tranquil mind than that of the grand maſter.

ORACLE.

" Thou art permitted to be in love, to " ſigh and hope, to act, to break ſilence; " fear neither ſcepter nor rivals; a heart " worthy of thee takes an intereſt in thy " ſufferings. Behold the price of thy " perſeverance."

After this, Mary de Padilla laid the table book in the grotto. Frederick, ſoon drawn

drawn thither by his grief, found and read, with an aſtoniſhment full of deſpair, the oracle within it. The hand was counterfeit, however the prince did not know it. He made a thouſand reflections upon this accident, and found nothing but cauſes of affliction, fearing more than death to expoſe the queen. He doubted not of his being ſuſpected to love her; ſometimes a flattering thought ſuggeſted that it was ſhe herſelf, but he quickly loſt that opinion.

Though Mary de Padilla ſcarce knew why ſhe wrote that oracle, yet ſhe was glad it was done to perplex Frederick. Alas! he needed it not, for of all the lovers in the world, Cupid had never tormented any more than him. The oftener he ſaw the queen, the more did his love increaſe; and the more Mary de Padilla examined his merit, the more ſenſible was ſhe of it. Thus as reaſon abandoned them, their ſufferings augmented.

All the court being one day with the queen mother, except queen Blanche, Mary de Padilla made a worſe figure than ordinary, the condition ſhe was in making ſome alteration in her beauty; but that did not leſſen Don Pedro's fondneſs, who ſpoke to her in a low voice, while the queen entertained Don Alphonſo d'Albuquerque, and the reſt converſed with thoſe that pleaſed them beſt.

At that time queen Blanche appeared, and with her a new day; the grand maſter of St. James led her in; for meeting her when he left his apartment, the gentleman that conducted her could do no leſs than reſign his place to a prince of the royal family. The queen, whoſe ſoul was very pure, received this teſtimony of his reſpect without repugnance, and joy then ſpread a ſatisfactory air upon Frederick's face, which was but too viſible. As ſoon as queen Blanche appeared, all the company roſe up, as did alſo the queen mother herſelf; but Don Pedro kept his ſeat, did not vouchſafe to caſt his eyes upon her, and would ſcarce let Mary de Padilla do

like

like the reſt. Theſe publick marks of ſuch an offenſive contempt, made the queen mother bluſh with grief and anger, and the paſſionate Frederick to repine. The motions of his ſoul could not eſcape the penetration of Mary de Padilla; ſhe was convinced he loved with violence, and eaſily perſuaded herſelf that he was not hated. This thought infuſed a ſecret rage into her heart, which filled her tongue with poiſon. "Obſerve," ſaid ſhe, to the king, drawing near his ear, "what a great "intelligence there ſeems to be between "thoſe two; and I am of opinion queen "Blanche will not metamorphoſe her pre-"ſents into ſerpents, when they are ten-"dered to the grand maſter of St. James, "who is not, perhaps, far from receiving "favours." "'Tis ſaid that ſhe is very "covetous of them," anſwered Don Pedro, "and they who defend her virtue, would "freely diſpute us upon this occaſion." "I might, for all that, gain my cauſe," reply'd Mary de Padilla, "ſince every one "knows the French ladies are rather pro-"digal than liberal of what creates lovers. "But you do not ſeem jealous. . . ." "I

"ſhould

" ſhould certainly be ſo," interrupted the king, " if Frederick loved you; but my " heart takes ſo little intereſt in Blanche " of Bourbon, that it is not in her power " to diſturb my eaſe."

During this diſcourſe all people wondered at the king's proceedings, and the inſolence of Mary de Padilla, whom the preſence of two queens could not ſubject to any reſpect. Blanche, out of a wiſdom extremely commendable, ſeemed not to ſee what ſhe nevertheleſs perceived very well, but Frederick was ſo out of patience, that it was taken notice of, eſpecially by the quick-ſighted and intereſted Mary de Padilla.

Don Pedro being under a reſtraint in that company, left it, without ſaying any thing to Blanche, whom he coldly ſaluted as he paſſed by her; Mary de Padilla ſtaid, not out of a ſenſe of ſhame, but becauſe ſhe loved to look upon the grand maſter.

Though this prince had a great ſhare of diſcretion, he could not ſee ſo much hardneſs, or rather ſo much indignity, without giving way to a tranſport which went almoſt to diſtraction: Forgetting he was to conceal his love, and that the eyes of all the aſſembly might be fixed upon him, finding himſelf placed behind Blanche, while the queen mother was entertaining Madam d'Albuquerque, her chief lady of honour, he ſigh'd ſo loud, and in ſuch a diſmal manner, that the young queen turned her head towards him; they both bluſh'd; ſhe to ſee him ſo much concerned, and he to feel ſo much love. "You ſigh very loud, Sir," ſaid the queen, ſmiling, "and I believe one may "conclude you are in love, without doing "you any wrong." "I am really ſo," anſwered Frederick, ſighing again; "and "the reſpect I owe your majeſty permits "me not to diſown it; but, Madam, "I am not only violently in love, but "immoderately angry at what I have juſt "ſeen." "You are then jealous," added the queen, "for this great anger cannot "proceed from any other cauſe." "I am

"as

"as far from jealouſy," anſwered Frede-
rick, "as Don Pedro is from reaſon, and
"am mortally offended when ſhe I love
"doth not receive that reſpect and adora-
"tion which is due to a divine merit and
"a perfect beauty."

Theſe words, pronounced with much vehemence, and a certain paſſionate action, capable of explaining the moſt obſcure, made the queen caſt down her eyes, and keep ſilence for ſome moments. Mary de Padilla, though at a diſtance, needed no interpreter to learn what paſſed; ſhe devoured the grand maſter with her eyes, and would gladly have reach'd his heart; and never did any perſon form ſo many various projects in ſuch a little time. The queen, who would not give the grand maſter an opportunity of explaining himſelf farther than he ought, and was not ſuch a ſtranger to love, but ſhe feared it very much in her preſent circumſtances, did not anſwer him, but ſeemed very thoughtful. Perhaps Cupid, whoſe divinity was not altogether unknown to her, took his time in that critical

tical moment to open her eyes upon the merit of Don Frederick, and the viſible defects of Don Pedro; perhaps, too, her ſoul being ſuſceptible of ſoft ideas, made ſome innocent wiſhes: However it was, ſhe took her turn of ſighing too, and the grand maſter being willing to renew the converſation, "Your majeſty ſighs, too, "Madam," ſaid he, "and wou'd to hea-"ven our ſighs tended to the ſame end!" "I know not," reply'd the queen, "why "we ſhould take notice of ſuch common "things, ſince few people are of ſuch a "happy temper as to be exempted from "ſome melancholy moments." "The "unjuſt proceedings of Don Pedro," added the prince, "furniſhes your majeſty with "lawful reaſons for your's, but none "ought to know mine beſides myſelf." "Don Pedro," interrupted the queen, "as unjuſt as he is, ought always to be "ſo valuable in my eyes, as to prompt "me to complain of myſelf rather than "him; and I muſt needs impute to ſome "great defect in me that prodigious in-"difference which he is reproached with." "Ah! Madam," continued the grand

maſter,

maſter, "Can you be ſincere when you "ſpeak contrary to equity? Don Pedro, "the ungrateful, and blind Don Pedro, "ſees not in you what renders you ado- "rable to all others; if your virtue was "not ſo far diſtant from his vices, he "would know it better; but ſince two "extremes can never meet, we muſt not "wonder that a monſter is an enemy to "beauty." "You ſee he's no enemy to "it," anſwered the queen, "by what he "does for Mary de Padilla: But pray, "Sir, let us finiſh a diſcourſe which "might lead us too far. You are ob- "ſerved, and the ſenſe of your words "looked for in the air of your face. All "things look ſuſpicious here; love, pity, "and even juſtice itſelf; and the greateſt "happineſs one can wiſh for, is to be "ſtupid and inſenſible."

The queen really obſerving that Mary de Padilla looked earneſtly upon them, roſe up from her place, and drew near the Donnas Juanna de Manuel and de Lara, whom ſhe equally loved, and throwing her arm upon the ſhoulder of one, as ſhe ap-

approached with her mouth to the face of the other. " You take but little care," ſaid ſhe to them, with her uſual grace, " to manage your king's favourite; and " 'tis a ſad thing to ſee her only thought- " ful in ſo much company." " Truly, " Madam," ſaid Juanna Manuel, " ſhe " ſhould think eternally for me, ſince the " quality of ſubject doth not oblige me " to imitate the king in his blindneſs." " You will not conſent, then," purſued " the queen, laughing; I ſhould aſk her " to honour us with her preſence in the " walks." " If I might ſpeak my thoughts," reply'd Juanna de Lara, " I ſhould freely " confeſs, that, wherever I am, I ſhall " never ſee her but with contempt." " For your part, Madam," ſaid the queen " agreeably, to Juanna Manuel, you can't " love her, becauſe ſhe has deprived you " of Don Pedro's heart." " Were his " heart ſuch as it ought to be," anſwered the princeſs, " it would neither be her's " nor mine; and one cannot too much " admire at his ſtrange blindneſs, when " ſo many charms. . . ." " I ſee well," interrupted the queen, " you would ſpeak

" of an unhappy woman you love merely " out of compaſſion; but take care you " be not blinded yourſelf, in being leſs " equitable than you imagine, ſince Don " Pedro would not refuſe, without good " grounds, I will not ſay the fondneſs of " a huſband, but thoſe common regards " the moſt indifferent men have for our " ſex." The queen mother interrupted this diſcourſe, and went down into the garden with the young queen and the greater part of the court.

In the mean time, Frederick and Mary de Padilla were taken up with amorous reflections, which gave them no ſmall uneaſineſs; yet the prince, amidſt thoſe miſfortunes which he foreſaw, was not a little comforted that he had imparted ſome of his thoughts to the queen, without having obſerved any ſigns of averſion or reſentment: But when he thought of the cruel and invincible obſtacles that oppoſed a greater felicity, viz. the proximity which united him to Don Pedro, the engagements Blanche was under, and ſo many other difficulties, he concluded that he could

could not love with the leaſt hope, or even with the leaſt innocence.

Mary de Padilla had ſo much love and ſo little wiſdom, that it was not the conſiderations of virtue and vice could diſturb her; the blackeſt crimes could not deter her from purchaſing her ſatisfaction; but ſhe ſaw none that promiſed a happy ſucceſs: Her jealouſy propoſed a thouſand, without being able to fix upon one, and all ſorts of horrors ſeizing upon this true fury, ſhe made a vow to ſink both Caſtiles, rather than ſee herſelf long expoſed to the harſh ſufferings of her love.

The queens being gone into the garden, walk'd together for ſome moments; but as Blanche concerned herſelf in nothing, and Mary, through Don Pedro's negligence, had a ſhare in all things, ſhe retired, and left the young people to continue their walk. It was obſerved that queen Blanche was thoughtful, and would not be ſorry to be left alone. Juanna de Manuel and Juanna de Lara, who were

inſeparable, retired a little from her, the other women did the ſame, ſo none remained near her but a young and very amiable perſon named Sylvia, whom ſhe brought out of France, and was dear to her both upon the ſcore of merit and affection: It was in the breaſt of this diſcreet lady ſhe had ſhed a torrent of tears ſince her being in Caſtile, and it was to her alone ſhe diſcovered that the grand maſter of St. James would have infinitely pleaſed her, had not her unhappy deſtiny forbidden her looking upon the moſt worthy object of her affections. Sylvia let the queen think on, not wondering at a thing that was ſo cuſtomary to her; they walk'd a long time without ſpeaking, and finding herſelf near the ſolitary grotto, where Mary de Padilla had ſeen Frederick aſleep, the queen, who had never obſerved it, though ſhe walked every day in the garden, finding it agreeable to her melancholy, told Sylvia ſhe would there repoſe herſelf a little. As they advanced towards it, they heard a talking, and the queen's name pronounced: Theſe voices ſtopt them, and as they might

might liſten without fear of being ſurprized in ſuch a ſolitary place, Blanche of Bourbon, whoſe name had raiſed her curioſity, lent all her attention to what they ſaid, and diſtinguiſhed the voice of the grand maſter and of Don Tello his brother. "'Tis in vain to deny it," ſaid the latter, "the change in your humour "is ſo great, one muſt be ſtupid not to "obſerve it; 'tis true you was never very "briſk, but did you formerly appear ſo "ſad and diſturbed as you do at preſent? "And though you were not fond of plea-"ſures and diverſions, neither did you "avoid them, your heart did not uſe to "be big with ſighs you could not ſtifle "without an extreme violence; and the "indifference of your looks was without "trouble and languor. Brother, you are "no longer yourſelf, and I begin to "grow impatient at your ſilence. Do "you fear any treachery from a man "whoſe diſcretion you ought to be aſſured "of? You make me think an hundred "things which perhaps may offend you: "I know the unhappineſs of our birth, "and the death of Leonora de Guzman,

"may have left ſome remainders of grief,
"which need not be wondered at; but
"that I ſee in your eyes is of another
"nature. Don Pedro's tyranny may give
"you a juſt indignation, without occa-
"ſioning this overwhelming ſadneſs which
"frights both Don Henry and me. You
"are in love, brother, that's the ſpring
"of all your ſufferings; nay more, you
"are ſo of the queen." "O! juſt hea-
"ven!" cry'd out the grand maſter,
"Do you know what you ſay! Ah! bro-
"ther, I conjure you, by our friendſhip,
"not to entertain this opinion: Are you
"ignorant of the reſpect I owe the queen?
"Have you forgot what Don Pedro is
"to her? And could I precipitate myſelf
"in that misfortune unleſs I had firſt loſt
"my reaſon?" "You would not offend
"the queen by a reſpectful paſſion,"
added Don Tello, "could you conceive it
"with innocence. But tell me, what can
"you hope for?" "Death," interrupted
"Frederick; "I would die without of-
"fending the queen." "But Chriſtians
"muſt not die like Infidels," anſwered
Don Tello; "and though you have grief

"and

" and courage enough to look upon death " without terror, you have too great a " ſenſe of honour and religion to have " recourſe to ſuch a criminal remedy: " Live, let reaſon cure you, and conſider " your love cannot conſiſt with inno- " cence."

This diſcourſe put the queen into ſuch a terrible conſternation, that ſhe almoſt loſt her ſenſes; her ſoul was too equitable to condemn a man whoſe deſtiny forced him to love her; and there was ſome ſecret thing in her heart which defended him againſt her reſentments. That power would have imperiouſly demanded an audience, had not duty and reaſon ſtruck it dumb. Though the queen was not obſerved, yet ſhe bluſhed and condemned herſelf. " Let us go," Sylvia, ſaid ſhe, " I have already heard " too much for my repoſe, and perhaps " for my glory too, which ought to be " dearer to me than the other." " I " know not, Madam," anſwered Sylvia, " what your virtue can be alarmed at; " if it has contributed to Don Frederick's

"love, it is only by its purity; and I "cannot but pity a man, ſo worthy of "being happy, who ſeems deſtined to "live miſerable." "Thou may'ſt pity "him, Sylvia," replied the queen, with moiſt eyes, "but pity him ſo that I "may never hear thee; for know, it is "much more dangerous than thou think'ſt "for, to ſet examples of pity to ſuch "tender ſouls as mine. I recommend "nothing to thy diſcretion, which I am "well aſſured of, and only forbid thee "mentioning Frederick before me at any "time whatever." "How!" added Sylvia, "Is your majeſty's averſion ſo great to. . . ." "My averſion!" interrupted the queen, haſtily, "Ah! dear Sylvia, how far am I "from having any for Don Frederick, or "rather how aſhamed in only having one "for Don Pedro."

The princeſſes, who had left the queen alone, appearing, ſhe finiſhed her walk, and re-entered the palace with much trouble. She paſſed ſuch a cruel night, that her fine eyes, to which ſlumber refuſed its aſſiſtance, looked the more languiſhing

guiſhing the next day. The prince Don Tello, after Blanche's departure, made Don Frederick confeſs all: He could not but pity rather than blame him, knowing the impotency of reaſon upon ſuch occaſions.

Mary de Padilla, in the mean time, breathed nothing but love and jealouſy. The king, who found her uneaſy, and had at Valladolid too many witneſſes of his injuſtice, reſolved at length to remove from it, to leave the government, and the faireſt queen in the world, to go and bury his debauchery in a more obſcure town; and not being able, by abſolute authority, to hinder the marriages of the princes Don Tello and Don Henry, they at length married Juanna de Manuel and Juanna de Lara before his departure.

Don Pedro's court, fine as it was, ſparkled not ſo much as it would have done with a ſovereign more agreeable to the Caſtilians; and the gallantry of that nation ſeemed to be forgot, during a reign in which all the illuſtrious families received

ceived ſome ſubject of diſcontent. There were not then either pleaſures, plays, or magnificence at the weddings of theſe two young princes; but the perſons concerned promiſed themſelves ſo much happineſs in a ſociety full of charms, that they did not regret thoſe publick diverſions. It was, nevertheleſs, at this ceremony that Mary de Padilla, overcoming all difficulties, met with an opportunity of ſpeaking to Frederick.

He endeavoured, by Don Tello's advice, to caſt his eyes upon ſome other object in lieu of the queen, but finding none agreeable, he kept them almoſt always fixed on the ground. He could not be diſpenſed with from appearing at his brothers weddings, and Mary de Padilla was invited out of policy. After a great entertainment which Don Henry made at his houſe, the company divided into parties; Don Pedro took that time to diſcourſe with the queen mother and Don Alphonſo d'Albuquerque, concerning his intended abſence, for which he did not want pretences. Queen Blanche entertained

tertained the two brides, and Don Frederick was unhappily left a prey to the impudence of Mary de Padilla. "Sir," ſaid ſhe, with an unſpeakable aſſurance, "methinks it is neither ſuitable to your "age nor condition, to ſeem ſo thoughtful in this noted aſſembly; and if your "perſeverance had no end, you would "certainly think leſs of perſiſting in it. "What, are you in love with the earth? "for I ſee you cannot reſolve to look "upon any thing elſe; but becauſe it "is dumb, you have ſworn to be ſo "too."

The grand maſter, deſpiſing Mary de Padilla as much as ſhe was deſpicable, would not perhaps have vouchſafed an anſwer, had not the words of end and perſeverance, made uſe of in thoſe lines he loſt, overawed, ſo as to oblige him to command himſelf. "If I am in love "with the earth," ſaid he, "I can boaſt "of as many rivals as it hath kingdoms "and provinces, and reckon the greateſt "heroes amongſt them. Therefore, Ma-"dam, ſince my love cannot be eaſy in

"the

" the midſt of ſo many crowns, you " need not wonder at my thoughtful- " neſs." " You may, if you pleaſe," added ſhe, " make your application to " ſuch objects as none will diſpute with " you, and ſuch as would be favourable " too. Is there any difficulty in explain- " ing this oracle, and muſt I be the in- " terpreter?" " The cuſtoms of anti- " quity are ceaſed in our age, Madam," replied Frederick; " and I queſtion whe- " ther you would be a juſt interpreter " of heaven's decrees." " The decrees I " ſpeak of, are thoſe of love," added the bold Padilla, " and if I ſhould explain " them to you, perhaps it would not be " the firſt time. I aſk," purſued ſhe, preſenting him with thoſe lines ſhe had copied out, " whether a heart, that makes " uſe of ſuch expreſſions, hath not need " of a comforter?" Frederick being grieved at that ſight, changed colour ſeveral times, and even trembled with the fear of having expoſed the queen to the indiſcretion of a wicked and ſelfiſh woman. She immediately perceived his diſorder. " You " fear me," ſaid ſhe to him, " and you

" have

" have reaſon, ſince I can make very
" different uſes of your ſecret; and though
" I have it not from yourſelf, I ſhall
" entruſt you with mine, leaving ſcruples
" to vulgar ſouls. The king loves me,
" and, according to all appearances, I
" may believe he will love me a long
" time, yet, in ſpite of this advantage,
" I offer you that of an eaſy and ſafe
" intrigue: Don Pedro's paſſion for, and
" blind confidence in me, will be your
" ſecurity. What can you expect from
" thoſe ſentiments you have for Blanche
" of Bourbon? After the diſcovery of
" mine, do you think I can meanly pro-
" tect you? Ah! my flames are not ſo
" ſubmiſſive: And when I bid you fear
" neither ſcepter nor rival, I expected
" you would come over to me. Speak,
" Sir, what do you think of my ad-
" vances? Can you return them with
" contempt or indifference; and, after
" having coſt me ſo dear, ſhould I receive
" ſuch an unjuſt price?"

The grand maſter was ſo confounded he would have let Mary de Padilla ſpeak

an

an age, without interrupting her. The queen's being expoſed to the malignity of this artful rival, ſtruck him with all ſorts of terrors. "I confeſs," ſaid he, at laſt, "I made ſome amorous verſes, which "you anſwered with an oracle: But what "cauſe can you aſcribe to them, ſince they "were no other but my inclination to "poetry? If I really lov'd the queen, "do you think I ſhould be ſo ſenſeleſs "to run the hazard of making it known? "What you tell me of your ſentiments, "is a very nice trial; you have beauty "enough to put a man of my age upon "ſeveral extravagances, but I have ſtill ſo "much reaſon left as to preſerve the "reſpect I owe the king. . . ." "You "would loſe it with all your heart, ſhould "the queen deſire it," interrupted Mary de Padilla; "I love you for my misfor-"tune, but take care of loving her too "much, both for her's and your own. "People uſe not to ſpeak as I do, when "they have any thing to manage: Re-"member, it is dangerous vexing me, "ſince I am not of a humour to bluſh "with impunity."

She

She did not ſtay for an anſwer, but went and ſpoke to Madam d'Albuquerque. Two days after this converſation, Don Pedro made her leave Valladolid for Toledo. Don John Migne de Prado, grand maſter of Calatrava, and ſome other grandees of Spain, endeavouring to oppoſe, with wiſe counſel, the frequent abſence of Don Pedro, were, by his order, maſſacred for that generous freedom.

Frederick, not being able to overcome his fears, begged the king's leave to attend him to Toledo; and though Mary de Padilla imagined it was only for a blind, yet ſhe did not fail to ſolicit and obtain his requeſt. The queen, who feared her inclinations were ſtronger than her reaſon, was not ſorry for his abſence; the princes his brothers were extreme glad, hoping it would work a cure, and he was the only miſerable perſon. Mary de Padilla having the inſolence to go in the ſame coach with the king, obliged him to take the grand maſter in alſo; ſo while this poor prince's ſoul was full of Blanche de

Bourbon,

Bourbon, he found himſelf obliged to look upon Mary de Padilla.

The grand maſter of St. James's reſidence at Toledo drew a new perſecution upon him; for the urging and importunate Mary de Padilla gave him not one moment's repoſe.

As for Don Pedro he was wholly taken up with his miſtreſs and his cruelty; not a day paſſed but he cut off ſome prop to the ſtate, and at length digged himſelf a pit, wherein he fell not long after.

The fair queen was altogether employed in melancholy thoughts, though Don Frederick's abſence had a little eaſed her, he being a more dangerous enemy to her repoſe than Don Pedro. She made uſe of all her reaſon and patience to ſtruggle with her misfortunes. Don Henry and Don Tello were very well ſatisfied with the poſſeſſion of two amiable princeſſes; and that nothing might interrupt the felicity they enjoy'd, they thought good to

remove,

remove, and leave a free courſe to Don Pedro's cruelty.

It was at that time he committed at Seville that barbarous act ſo well known all over the world, in relation to Lognes king of Granada. That unhappy prince leaving his States, fled to him for protection, and Don Pedro killed him with his own hand; at once violating the laws of humanity, hoſpitality, and the moſt ſacred ties.

Every one had then a double averſion for him, and ſince he was generally abhorred, he reſolved to do ſomething to merit it.

The forced civilities of Frederick did not ſatisfy Mary de Padilla; inſtead of being near her at thoſe moments of liberty which Don Pedro gave them, he ſought for ſolitude, which, with hunting, compoſed his chief delights; and, do what he could, being always thoughtful, that vindictive woman condemned as crimes his ſighs and ſadneſs.

" I loſe many a wiſh," ſaid ſhe, " ſome-
" times; and it is a ſtrange thing that
" complaiſance cannot oblige you to the
" leaſt conſtraint. Did you know the
" character of my ſoul, you would fear
" at leaſt what you cannot love. What
" did you come hither for? To mock both
" the king and me!" " Madam," re-
" ply'd Frederick, " love, hatred, joy and
" ſadneſs, are involuntary things: What
" do you require of a miſerable wretch
" who does already more than he well
" can? I have follow'd you to Toledo."
" Ah!" interrupted ſhe, " you follow
" that you may the better avoid me, and
" deſpiſe me the more: In ſhort, Fre-
" derick, though you deſpiſe the heart
" I offer, I ſtill ſpare you, and it is no
" ſmall demonſtration of the power you
" have over me; but what will be the
" conſequence? You'll return to Valla-
" dolid, you'll ſee Blanche, and think no
" more of me: But take warning, if you
" have not already, and conſider who
" I am, what I do, and what I can
" do."

The grand maſter could not anſwer, becauſe the king came in; he had obſerved his aſſiduity to Mary de Padilla; but not obſerving it was forced, he grew ſo angry as to quarrel with Frederick. "You are "too negligent of the employment you "are honoured with," ſaid he, to him: "Is it for you to look upon her I love! "Go back to Valladolid, but deprived of a "dignity you do not deſerve, and without "any other title than that of being ſon "to Leonora de Guzman." Theſe words made Mary de Padilla and Frederick both bluſh, one with rage, and the other for vexation. "I would go to Valladolid," reply'd he, "nay, and to the world's end, "to avoid tyranny and tyrants." He went out at theſe words, and had not Mary de Padilla interpoſed, his life would have been in great danger. He was only deprived of the maſterſhip of St. James, which Don Pedro gave to Garcio de Padilla, his miſtreſs's brother, though a married man, and conſequently not qualified for it.

Don Frederick's abſence was ſo provoking to Mary de Padilla, that ſhe carry'd herſelf imperiouſly to Don Pedro, who not being accuſtomed to bear it, a great quarrel enſued, and he parted alone for Cuellar; he there ſaw Juanna de Caſtro, Diego de Haro's widow, a young beautiful perſon, and very proper to inſpire love. His pique againſt Mary de Padilla, and his voluptuous temper, carried him to this new paſſion; but finding an obſtinate reſiſtance, after having languiſhed for ſome days, he purchaſed his ſatisfaction by an action worthy of him, and without any pretence or pontifical authority, he divorced queen Blanche, by the means of Sancho d'Avilla and John de Salamanque, two libertine biſhops whom he had ſeduced; and the bonds of matrimony being diſſolved by theſe ſubordinate miniſters of the eccleſiaſtic ſovereignty, he married Juanna de Caſtro, who was ſo dazzled with the royal dignity, that ſhe did not conſider what hands ſhe was going to put herſelf into.

The wedding was not ſo ſecret but all Spain learnt the news in a very little time. The provoked Mary de Padilla, grown bold even to raſhneſs, was reſolved not to be the victim of this new amour. Had Frederick valued her favours, ſhe would willingly have been laviſh of them, but knowing how much he deſpiſed them, ſhe went to Cuellar, when leaſt expected; and ſcarce had Juanna de Caſtro time to enjoy the quality of queen, when that dangerous rival came to diſpute with her her ſhare in Don Pedro.

She came arm'd with a thouſand charms, and an artifice which ſhe was aſſured nothing could withſtand; a profound ſubmiſſion appeared in her eyes and diſcourſe, inſtead of reproaches, and Don Pedro, being infected with this new poiſon, was again reduced under her empire. Juanna de Caſtro, thus abandoned, ſhut herſelf up for ever in a convent of Duegnas, and was there afterwards delivered of a ſon, called John. The reduction of Don Pedro did not fully ſatisfy Mary de Padilla, for the thoughts of Frederick ſtill diſturbed her.

As for that poor prince, though he was but little concerned for the loſs of his dignities, he was extremely ſo at Blanche's divorce, and the reproach Don Pedro laid upon her virtues; and his grief animating his courage againſt an execrable tyrant, who might with juſtice be entitled the ſcourge of heaven, he joined with ſeveral malecontents, among whom were the princes his brothers, and Don Alphonſo d'Albuquerque himſelf; who, in ſpite of his grandeur, and the number of his ſervices, fell then into diſgrace, and took arms for the freedom of his country and the ſake of the diſtreſſed. Don Tello drew great forces out of Biſcay; Frederick and Henry had raiſed conſiderable parties, and few people ſcrupled to declare againſt ſuch a deteſted ſovereign.

Don Pedro, who always fell into extremes, made Don John of Arragon take the title of ſovereign of Biſcay, though, by right, it belonged to Don Tello; and omitted nothing to ruin the three princes.

Queen

Queen Blanche's preſence having a great influence over thoſe who were inclinable to virtue, ſtirred up the court and people of Valladolid with a violent hatred for Don Pedro. The queen mother, who could not bridle her ſon's irregularities, and had received a new diſguſt by the diſgrace of Don Alphonſo d'Albuquerque, did only groan in ſecret, without being able to do more. The princeſſes of Tranſtenmare and Biſcay retired, and with them all the comfort Blanche had left. Mary de Padilla ceaſed not to incenſe Don Pedro; for imagining Frederick, notwithſtanding the war, might come to the ſpeech of Blanche, ſhe made him give orders to remove her from Valladolid to Toledo, where he would not ſtay for her, but deſtined a priſon for her retreat. Frederick learnt this extreme injuſtice with an exceſſive deſpair; no conſideration could prevent his marching towards Toledo; and the queen, who had ſtopt ſome days at Arevalo, arrived at the ſame time with him. The ſighs of that beautiful and deplorable princeſs did ſo tenderly move his ſoul, that his cries and griefs

raiſed a tumult, which diſperſed all Blanche's convoy. She endeavoured to expreſs her thanks to the people for their pity, but conjured them not to draw upon themſelves Don Pedro's anger, by a rebellion, which could not free her from thoſe ſufferings ſhe lay under. At firſt ſhe had not diſtinguiſh'd any perſon; but how great was her ſurprize and grief, when ſhe diſcern'd prince Frederick at the head of all the reſt, that Frederick whom ſhe believed ſo far from her. As he could expect nothing but death upon that occaſion, this terrible thought deprived the queen both of ſtrength and knowledge; they were forced to draw her out of the coach and carry her into a houſe, in order to bring her to herſelf, and it was there, with Sylvia's aſſiſtance, ſhe recovered her ſenſes. That diſcreet lady, who knew what condition both of them were in, had prudently removed all ſuſpicious perſons, under the pretence of giving the queen air. The ſight of Frederick oppreſs'd her heart, and forced tears from her eyes. "Prince," ſaid ſhe, "what "do you look for from the moſt wretched

"woman

" woman in the world?" " I look for " death," interrupted he, " or to free you " from an odious tyranny. Ah! Madam, " are irons and priſons ordained for beauty " and virtue; and ſhould the horrid lot " of criminals be the reward of merit and " wiſdom? Juſt heaven owes an example " of its equity to all the univerſe, in the " perſon of the impious Don Pedro." " I am not ſo much afraid of chains " and priſons as you imagine," anſwered the queen; " and of ſo many afflic- " tions that overwhelm me, thoſe are, " perhaps, the leaſt. For God's ſake, Sir, " make me ſay no more, but leave a " place where you cannot remain with- " out danger, nor without a crime. Go, " then, where you may hope for more " repoſe and innocence." How! Madam," interrupted the ſad Frederick, " do you " look upon me with horror! And doth " my looking upon you make me guilty?" " Alas!" reply'd the queen, " you have " but little equity if you quarrel with " my heart, for what reaſon extorts from " it; once more leave me, I conjure you, " and be not inſtrumental, by an obſtinate

" con-

" continuance here, in making me deſerve " my ſufferings." " But what will be- " come of your majeſty," reply'd Frederick, " or, rather, what will become " of me?" " Since the people of Toledo " expreſs ſuch an affection for me," purſued the queen, " I can take ſanctuary " amongſt them, and yet Don Pedro need " not loſe his prey. I will retire into " a church, to wait the end of the ſtorm, " and in that decent and comfortable " retreat, ſhall, with heaven's aſſiſtance, " arm myſelf with conſtancy for all events " that may threaten the remainder of my " life: But pray leave me; and, if you " do it unwillingly, conſider you owe that " piece of ſelf denial to the requeſt I " make." " Adieu, Madam," anſwered Frederick, with a fatal look, " I " ſee you muſt be obey'd, whatever it " coſts me, and I ſhall carry far from " Toledo thoſe ſevere ſufferings which " nothing can terminate but a favourable " death." " O, Frederick," continued the queen, " why do you threaten a mi- " ſerable wretch, who trembles for your " perils, though regardleſs of her own:

" Let

" Let reaſon and virtue ſecure you from " all misfortunes; remember you ſpring " from an illuſtrious blood, which, though " diſhonoured by Don Pedro, appears the " more noble in you. Farewel; I ſhall " never ſee you again, I feel ſomething " foretels as much, and would to heaven " I had never ſeen you in my life."

The princeſs, finding this converſation too long, roſe up as weak as ſhe was, ſhewed herſelf to the people, and deſired a retreat in the church; where being once entered, ſhe could not be prevailed upon to ſtir out again.

To pleaſe her, the deſperate Frederick retired from Toledo; but what was Don Pedro's fury and Mary de Padilla's rage, when they learnt what had happened: Frederick had ſeen the queen, and ſtirred up the people, and theſe were crimes never to be forgiven. Don Pedro went back to Toledo, and there made a horrible maſſacre, though all the inhabitants were innocent; but to be ſenſible of the queen's

miſery

miſery was enough to condemn them to death.

That wiſe princeſs, who had choſen the altar for a ſanctuary, ſaw the majeſty of it violated by impious wretches, who obſerving neither divine nor human laws, forced her away without any reſpect to the church, and ſhe was led priſoner to Seguencia, while Mary de Padilla aſſiſted the deteſtable Don Pedro to deſtroy the beſt of the people.

Toledo was not the only place that felt the effects of his fury, the town of Toro ſwam in human blood, and every family had ſomebody's death to deplore. The queen mother, inconſolable for ſo many cruelties, retired into Portugal, but found no better fortune there; for the king her father, imitating the ſuſpicious genius of the nation, made her die, for being accuſed of living too familiarly with Don Martin Tellez.

Don Frederick's brothers were ſo ſenſible of his affliction, that the Prince Don Henry

Henry determined to go himſelf into France to demand forces, that might lay a reſtraint upon Don Pedro, while Don Frederick and Don Tello carried on their common intereſt in Spain; but this did but provoke Don Pedro the more, who judging the queen not ſecure enough in Seguencia, had her conducted to the priſon of Medina Sidonia. Don John de la Cerde, who had been a long time in Portugal, and ſent back by his ill fortune into Caſtile, was aſſaſſinated by Don Pedro's orders. The pope's legate being incenſed at theſe inhuman proceedings, excommunicated that barbarous king at Pudella, and publiſhed it all over his dominions; but of what importance could theſe eccleſiaſtic fulminations be to a monſter that acknowledged no other divinity but his own paſſions? He made a jeſt of them; and Mary de Padilla's love for Frederick being converted into a violent hatred, her only care was how to make him and the queen away.

During the abſence of Don Henry, who was ſoliciting the potentates of Europe

rope againſt an odious government, Don Frederick and Don Tello drew malecontents into their party every day. Theſe proceedings, with the continual ſolicitations of Mary de Padilla, inſpired Don Pedro with new rigours; his eyes, nouriſhed with blood, could not feed upon any thing elſe, neither could he endure what left him the leaſt ſpark of innocence, and the cuſtom of ſinning was the only one he would obſerve.

He concluded if he ſtaid till the Comte of Tranſtenmare's return, he ſhould not be able to put his deſigns in execution. The fierce fury that poſſeſſed him, did not forget to ſuggeſt that Blanche of Bourbon held a correſpondence with the three brothers, and it was doubtleſs upon her ſolicitation that Don Henry had undertaken the journey to France. Having theſe notions, which found an eaſy acceſs, he looked upon his averſion for the queen as an equitable thing, and doubted not but ſhe had favoured Don Frederick's paſſion; then joining artifice with ſtrength, he ſoon found out expedients to ſacrifice a

man,

man, whom the deſire of delivering the queen kept always in action, and was never hid. Finally, that tender and generous prince was murdered by ſeveral villains, known well enough to Don Pedro to be entruſted with this cruel employment. Though Don Frederick was not fond of life, he did, before he loſt it, all that an extraordinary valour and ſuch juſt reſentments could exact from him, but was forced to give way to the number of his murderers, and at his death had the grief of leaving the queen expoſed to the ſame deſtiny. He was not ſacrificed alone, for within a few days after, Don John of Arragon, the Prince Don Tello, with his two younger brothers, and a thouſand other illuſtrious victims, ſurprized by the treachery of ſome of their own party, were all, as one may ſay, ſold to the paſſion of Don Pedro and Mary de Padilla.

But their rigour was not yet at the height; they ſpared neither ſex nor dignity. Leonora, the king of Arragon's widow, and aunt to Don Pedro, was

ſtabbed

ſtabbed merely for her compaſſion. Juanna de Lara, and Iſabella her ſiſter, who did no other harm than pity thoſe of their family, received the like treatment. There was not a perſon in Europe whom theſe ſtrange barbarities did not ſtrike with horror, and hatred of Pedro, who crowned his crimes by one ſtill more horrible; learning how favourable France was to Don Henry, he reſolved to do ſomething worthy of its hatred, and having neither counſellors nor favourites to adviſe him to the contrary, his rage perſevered to the end.

Blanche of Bourbon being kept priſoner at Medina Sidonia, wholly ſpent the ſad moments of her captivity in preparing her conſtancy for its laſt trial. One melancholy night, more horrid than the thickeſt darkneſs, ſhe reflected upon the paſt, preſent, and future, and tenderly called to mind thoſe dear and illuſtrious perſons ſhe had left in France to come in purſuit of ſo many misfortunes. She conſidered the malignity of that fantaſtical ſtar which had ſhut Don Pedro's eyes upon her youth,

beauty,

beauty, birth, and virtue, and afterwards concluded her death was inevitable, ſince ſo many advantages could not touch that ſtupid prince; and though wiſdom and piety did not forbid complaint, yet they prevented her repining; ſhe ſubmitted to the ſovereign power that orders all events, and never ſtept beyond the limits of patience and reaſon: But though that powerful aſſiſtance enabled her to triumph over the moſt ſenſible afflictions, ſhe could not eaſily overcome a ſecret inclination which had ſeized upon her ſoul; ſhe was young, and a woman, and conſequently ſubject to frailty: Prince Frederick had pleaſed her againſt her will, and ſhe knew but too well how much he loved her. Sometimes a flattering thought would whiſper in her ear, that that prince alone was worthy of her, but no ſooner did ſhe perceive it, but ſhe condemn'd it ſeverely, and oppoſed it with a duty which the greateſt and ſweeteſt influence could not in the leaſt corrupt.

While Frederick lived, ſhe combated, with her utmoſt forces, the ſhare he had

in her memory; but learning his death, the circumſtances of which were ſo moving, ſhe gave free courſe to her innocent tears. "Frederick is then gone," ſaid ſhe, "and that amiable and generous "prince hath been treated like the worſt "of criminals! Juſt heaven!" continued ſhe, raiſing her eyes, "I aſk not the "reaſon of your decrees, which I ſhall "religiouſly adore, but ſuffer me to be-"wail a man ſo worthy of all my tears. "You triumph then, cruel Don Pedro, "and enjoy the impunity of your crimes "with that haughty fury that inſpires "you. Alas! could Frederick have loved "her, he had perhaps been ſtill alive; "but what ſhould he do in ſuch con-"tagious places? May'ſt thou enjoy, "prince," purſued ſhe, with a modeſt languor, but attended with ſome paſſion, "may'ſt thou enjoy that eternal felicity "which the malice of men cannot in-"terrupt; and if in ſuch a glorious ſtate "thou preſerveſt any remembrance of "thoſe that ſuffer here, offer up thy "prayers to God who hath delivered thee,

"that

" that he would put an end to all my " miſery."

After this ſhe ſeemed ſomething eaſier, but her pains did not continue much longer, for Mary de Padilla ſoon put a period to them.

She did not die by ſteel, like the old queen of Arragon, and Juanna and Iſabella de Lara, but was poiſoned, without making the leaſt reſiſtance, uſing no caution againſt a misfortune ſhe did not ſo much fear as wiſh for; but appeared more gay and beautiful than ordinary when ſhe felt the firſt pangs of the poiſon; the hopes of a ſudden deliverance ſweetening the bitterneſs of the rankeſt venom that could be met with. The inconſolable Sylvia would in vain run for antidotes; the queen took ſomething to ſatisfy her, but knowing the nature of her diſtemper by the violence of her pains, ſhe thought of nothing but committing her pure ſoul into thoſe hands which created it. " Ceaſe thy affliction, Sylvia," ſaid ſhe, to that diſconſolate lady,

who ſhewed a thouſand moving ſigns of grief, " and rather bleſs heaven with me " for the aſſiſtance it affords me: As " cruel as it is in appearance, it ought " to ſeem very eaſy in compariſon with " an unhappy life. Be comforted, I " conjure thee, and go receive in France " thoſe rewards of the houſe of Bourbon " which are due to thy fidelity to me. " Do not incenſe my relations againſt " Don Pedro, whoſe wickedneſs makes " him unhappy enough already; for we " cannot be innocent while we keep the " reſentment of offences. Tell the queen " my ſiſter, and the duke of Bourbon " my brother, that I have tenderly loved " them to my very death, and deſire " them not to forget me. Aſſure king " Charles that no perſon in the world " ever honoured his virtues more than " myſelf. Do not thou forget me, dear " Sylvia, nor to make my example for- " midable to young people of my rank. " Adieu, receive my laſt embraces, which " is all I can give thee in a land where " I poſſeſſed nothing. Thou haſt been " witneſs of my conduct, privy to my

" ſoul,

" ſoul, I have loved thee, and die with " theſe ſentiments. Farewel, Sylvia, fare- " well." Theſe were her laſt words; ſhe expired a moment after, and left poſterity a more lawful cauſe than any other of deteſting Don Pedro's memory.

The manner of her death filled Europe with aſtoniſhment, and France with a profound mourning. Sylvia returned thither, after having ſeen the queen's body laid in a coffin, and made a publick declaration of the enormities of Don Pedro's life. King Charles and his wife were ſenſibly moved at the ſad deſtiny of Blanche; but Peter duke of Bourbon, her brother, took it ſo heavily, that he vow'd that monſter's ruin who had deprived him of ſuch an amiable ſiſter.

Don Henry's grief was extreme when he learnt the ruin of his family; he had, however, the conſolation of knowing the princeſs his wife to be in a ſafe retreat. He declared open war againſt Don Pedro, which proved long and bloody. The duke of Bourbon, with the famous Ber-

trand du Gueſcelin, ſerved him in perſon, beſides ſeveral other brave Frenchmen; there were but few ſovereigns in Europe that did not take his part; and thoſe that, for ſome reaſons of ſtate, dared not do it openly, yet did what they could privately.

Mary de Padilla, always inſeparable from Don Pedro, died a natural and much more eaſy death than ſhe deſerved: She had by him, during their criminal amours, one ſon, named Don John, and three daughters, Beatrix, Conſtance, and Iſabella.

The king, diſtracted for her death, paid her the ſame funeral honours as could be paid to a beloved queen. He even attempted to prove he had married her, only to legitimate her children; but his depoſitions being ſuſpicious, were not capable of making the memory of ſuch a debauch'd woman more venerable or dearer to judicious people.

Don

Don Henry's happy valour, with the aſſiſtance of ſo many princes, met at length with a favourable ſucceſs; Don Pedro periſhed, after a long reſiſtance: And though prince Henry was but natural ſon to Don Alphonſo, the Caſtilians agreed to make him king, and never repented it; for he reigned over them with much prudence and clemency, and left the throne to his poſterity.

LIVIA, *under the* Emperor AUGUSTUS.

WHEN fortune had raiſed Octavius Cæſar, ſurnamed Auguſtus, to the empire of Rome, love aſſociated Livia Druſilla to his glory: She was daughter to Livius Druſillus Calidionus, who followed Brutus's party, and killed himſelf after the battle of Philippi, for fear of falling into the conqueror's hands; and having married Tiberius Claudius Nero, ſhe had had by him Tiberius and Druſus, when the emperor, who had divorced Scribonia Julia's mother, took her from her huſband: She brought him no other portion but a great beauty, and a vaſt ſhare of ſubtilty; never did policy equal her's; a perpetual complaiſance aſſured her the poſſeſſion of Auguſtus's heart; and though he had other gallantries, neither his reſpect nor her power were leſſened; and this famous empreſs, ſurrounded with a pomp that ſeemed to autho-

authorize her actions, gave herſelf ſecret liberties, which the moſt penetrating eye could never find out.

She had ſeen ſeveral years run out in a profound tranquility, which Auguſtus's good fortune had procured to the whole empire. During this repoſe, the emperor married his daughter to young Marcellus, his ſiſter Octavia's ſon; but that prince's death ſoon put a period to thoſe great hopes which the people of Rome had conceived of him.

Auguſtus's court began to throw off the mourning which that loſs had put them into; and the princeſs Julia, being kept under reſtraint by the gravity of Marcellus, did not require much time to dry up her tears. The briſkneſs of her temper overcame the moſt ſenſible afflictions, and ſhe threw off, as ſoon as poſſible, that melancholy colour which clouded a part of her charms.

She had liſtened to all pretenders before her marriage to Marcellus, and not being

being obſerved in her widowhood, took pleaſure in faſtening all thoſe chains which ſhe laid upon them, and in acquiring ſlaves of all ſorts.

Tiberius, ſon to the empreſs Livia, pleaſed with any thing that flattered his ambition, openly engaged in her ſervice: Ovid, eminent for wit, and born for tender gallantries, was ſuſpected to ſigh for her; but the moſt remarkable of her lovers, was the famous Agrippa, diſtinguiſhed in the empire by the emperor's favour, and known all over the univerſe by an infinite number of memorable actions.

He had married, by his maſter's command, without the conſent of his heart, Marcella, daughter to Marcellus and Octavia, a very amiable princeſs, but not able to move the inclinations of Agrippa, which was prevented by Julia's aſcendant over him; he, nevertheleſs, reſpected her as an illuſtrious niece of the emperor ought to be; but his deference was an effect of reaſon, not the fruit of love.

When

When he ſaw Julia in a free condition, the fetters which tied him to Marcella ſeem'd much heavier: Auguſtus's daughter abounded with charms, and ſeeing a croud of adorers, whom her careſſing hands drew inceſſantly about her, he grieved to think that he could not with decency appear of that number; his jealouſy made him ſpend many a vexatious moment; all things ſeem'd chearful at Julia's court; and the gallant Ovid, who ſung his amours after ſuch an ingenious manner, ſeemed very formidable to him. He was of a knight's family, handſome in his perſon, and of ſuch uncommon merit, that Julia gave him admittance in all places, and deſired his company at all times. The myſterious Corinna, who was the ornament of a part of his verſes, bore great reſemblance to this princeſs; and a man that expreſs'd himſelf with ſo much grace, could not fail of being infinitely pleaſing. It is true, there was no ſmall diſtance between Ovid, with all his merit, and the daughter of Cæſar. But as love makes all things equal, Agrippa's ſuſpicions ſeemed not to be without foundation;

dation; being more quick-ſighted than an unconcern'd perſon, he counted every ſtep of Ovid, and every complaiſance of Julia; and knowing Ovid's diſcretion, who had ever been his friend, he reſolved to be ſatisfied in a thing which had given him ſo much diſturbance.

One day, which the magnificence of Auguſtus had allotted for the diverſion of the Roman people, by the combats of wild beaſts, ſent over by the king of Mauritania; the circus, which was the uſual ſcene of thoſe ſort of ſpectacles, was crouded with the moſt conſiderable perſons of Rome. Agrippa having a mind to diſcourſe with Ovid, carried him into a place oppoſite to that where the emperor ſat, from whence they ſaw the charming Julia, more glorious than the ſun, turn her curious eyes about to fix them upon what pleaſed them beſt. She was in the midſt of the greateſt beauties of the empire, which were but as ſo many foils to her, and encompaſſed with ſeveral young ſlaves, brought from an hun-

hundred different climates, amongſt which the fair Cipaſſis was very obſervable.

The amorous Agrippa looked upon the princeſs with ſo much attention, that for ſome moments he forgot the reaſon of his withdrawing Ovid from the reſt of the company; and that gallant Roman, who was ſeldom thoughtful in publick, merrily ſaid, "Have you brought me "hither, my lord, to condemn me to "ſilence? And do you imagine a man "that takes ſo much pleaſure in writing, "doth not delight in ſpeaking too." "You will perhaps ſpeak leſs than I "would have you," anſwered Agrippa, looking ſtedfaſtly upon him, "when you "know the confidence I require of, and "truſt I repoſe in you."

"I am accuſed of having ſo little diſ-"cretion," interrupted Ovid, "that I "ſhall think you very venturous if you com-"mit a ſecret to my cuſtody." "The one "you make of the true name of Corinna," reply'd Auguſtus's favourite, "very much "oppoſes that opinion. This, dear Ovid,

"is

" is the ſubject of my curioſity: What is
" that myſterious beauty who hath taken
" and given ſo much love? And what
" unfortunate huſband doth your jealouſy
" prompt you to wiſh death to at the
" end of his meal? Muſt you enjoy all
" ſorts of pleaſures together? And muſt
" an impenetrable myſtery accompany that
" of being ardently beloved?"

Ovid ſeemed a little ſurprized at this diſcourſe; and though he had been often rallied about his unknown amours, he ſaw a certain agitation in the eyes of Agrippa, which expreſſed a greater concern than ordinary. He eſteemed him very much; but the confeſſion he required was of ſuch high importance, that it was enough to ſtartle a man who was not naturally apt to be frightned. " You know," my lord, anſwered he, " a poet
" always makes uſe of ſome name; and
" that of Corinna running ſmooth in
" verſe, I made choice of it rather than
" any other, for my amorous fictions."
" Your ſoul's too tender, and your ex-
" preſſions too ſtrong," purſued Agrippa,

" to

" to praiſe only imaginary beauties: And " ſhould you think me jealous of Mar- " cella," added he, ſmiling, " I con- " jure you to make a ſincere diſcovery " of your heart." " The princeſs Mar- " cella," replied Ovid, " is ſo much " above the gallantries of a Roman knight, " and the generous Agrippa ſo far from " entertaining unjuſt paſſions, that I do " not in the leaſt fear his wronging " his wife's virtue, or the reſpect of a " man who cannot forget what he owes " him without a ſtrange diſtraction." " Suppoſing you did love Marcella," an- ſwered Agrippa, " you would not be " more guilty than Julius Antonius, who " is deſperately in love with her; nei- " ther would ſhe, in eſteeming you as " much as you deſire, be more cri- " minal than Julia, who, I am confi- " dent, is infinitely pleaſed with you." " Really, my lord," purſued Ovid, bluſh- ing a little, " you put me to a terrible " trial; the leaſt of the crimes you men- " tion, being great enough to make me " tremble." " You play the hypocrite," added Agrippa, " which is contrary to

" my

" my deſign. Do not imagine I would
" maliciouſly go about to deceive you;
" you ſhall find your ſecurity in the de-
" claration I make of my paſſion for the
" princeſs Julia; I love her even to ado-
" ration; and you may conclude theſe
" ſentiments are not voluntary, ſince I
" am huſband to Marcella; the utmoſt
" I can do is to keep from extravagances;
" I have obſerved you a hundred times,
" and will bid adieu to the light of
" reaſon, if Julia is not your Corinna:
" After this, Ovid, I leave you to judge
" whether you will run any riſque in
" ſpeaking to me without diſſimulation;
" and though my repoſe depends upon
" it, tell me what you will, I ſwear be-
" fore all the gods not to be contrary
" to you." " My lord," replied Ovid,
with more aſſurance, " I ſee you muſt
" be obeyed, and I have not the power
" to conceal any thing from you; you
" will learn ſome things from my mouth,
" that will both ſurprize and convince
" you to what degree I reſpect you; but
" this is not a proper place for ſuch a
" narrative." " Come to my houſe when

" Auguſtus

"Auguſtus is in bed," replied Agrippa, "and there we ſhall be at full liberty." The day ended with ſports. Corinna's lover went to Agrippa's at the time appointed, and entering into his cloſet, he ſpake after this manner.

The Hiſtory of OVID'S *Amours.*

"YOUR imagination, my lord, is very "diſtant from what I have to tell "you; and you may in a few moments "boaſt of being maſter of a ſecret I "would not make public for the empire "of the univerſe.

"It is needleſs to mention my birth, "or particularize my youth; you know "I bore my firſt arms in Aſia, under "Marc. Varrus, with indifferent good "ſucceſs; but being born for love and "luxury, I quitted the banners of Mars "to liſt myſelf under thoſe of the Mu-"ſes, a ſweet and flattering employment, "which acquired me ſome reputation "amongſt the Romans.

" Amongſt all the beauties which at " firſt ſtruck my ſight, I muſt confeſs " none appeared more worthy my ado- " ration than the princeſs Julia; you " know ſhe repulſes none of her ad- " mirers; my reſpectful carriage gave " me free acceſs, and a man of my age " and complexion might have taken great " liberties, had not Marcellus's concur- " rence, with other conſiderations, put a " reſtraint upon me.

" Julia was young when I began to ſee " her; her amuſements were very inno- " cent; and in them all who endeavoured " to pleaſe her were obliged to be con- " cerned. She commonly called me for " one, and the inclination I had for " mirth made me follow her. She read " my verſes, and gave her opinion of " them with much judgment. Her in- " clination carried her to prefer me much " before Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, and " ſeveral others, who had, like me, de- " voted themſelves to Apollo's art.

" The

" The rank of Tiberius engaged me
" to manage him; and though his cloſe
" temper agrees but little with mine,
" I made my court out of policy, and
" was better treated than abundance of
" courtiers who aſpired to his favour.
" The empreſs, who always tenderly
" loved him, was much pleaſed with
" my aſſiduities, which ſhe attributed to
" ſincere affection.

" Livia, as you know, hath preſerved
" the greateſt advantage of beauty, at an
" age when others decline; ſhe hath a
" moſt divine majeſty, and the ſame
" freſhneſs which ſhe had in the firſt years
" of her life; her wit is the niceſt and
" cleareſt in the world; ſhe has a great
" and paſſionate ſoul, and when her good-
" neſs lays aſide a troubleſome gravity,
" nothing can be more charming than
" her converſation.

" Her court is always ſo great, and
" ſhe appears with ſuch reſervedneſs,
" that I made mine a long time be-
" fore I durſt look upon her, without

" timorous eyes; yet ſhe often ſpoke to
" me, and ſeemed favourable in all that
" concerned me.

" She believed for a long time, as
" well as the reſt of the world, that I
" was in love with Julia. My lord, you
" may remember all the feſtivals at Rome
" which celebrated the nuptials of Juba
" and young Cleopatra; horſe-courſes,
" combats of gladiators, balls, plays, and
" an hundred other pleaſures, diverted
" Auguſtus's court; Antony's daughter was
" there admired, and Julia diſplayed thoſe
" graces which ſhe has received from nature,
" as well to ſtrangers as Romans; the
" other princeſſes of the blood, and houſe
" of Cæſar, appeared with great ſplen-
" dor; but the empreſs, who honoured
" the ſhews with her preſence, in a mag-
" nificent pomp, began to draw my looks,
" and enſlave my heart.

" I happened at the comedy to be placed
" by young Tibullus, who perhaps ſought
" amongſt that croud of beauties for his
" Nemeſis or Delia; and as we had
" con-

" contracted a ſtrict friendſhip, I could " not forbear telling him, in a laughing " way, that I thought the empreſs much " more beautiful than ever, and almoſt " as ſparkling as the queen of Mauritania." " She is not altogether ſo young," reply'd he, after the ſame manner, " but " I can eaſily yield ſhe's as fair as Cleo- " patra, provided you will grant Julia has " the advantage over her." " You are " under a public error," added I. " But, " Tibullus, let us ſpeak ſeriouſly; Do " you not think Livia, with her rank " and charms, may not probably have " paſſionate adorers?" " I believe love " hath all ſorts of taſtes," anſwered Tibullus, " but muſt freely confeſs that " would never be mine, ſince the em- " preſs's gravity would intimidate a heart " not naturally reſolute." " Don't you " know," purſued I, " that the love you " ſpeak of with ſo much grace, tames " even wildneſs itſelf? Ah! what a plea- " ſure would it be, not to mention the " glory, to touch a ſoul like Livia's!" " While I was ſpeaking in this manner, " I looked attentively upon her; ſhe bluſhed

" a little, and turned her head, to hide
" that ſort of diſorder. We retired, after
" the play was done, and I could think
" of nothing all night long, but the em-
" preſs! Can it be love! ſaid I, aſtoniſhed
" at this prepoſſeſſion; O, gods! what
" audacity! What a folly would it be!
" No, no, Ovid, thy heart ought rather
" to be loſt amongſt her ſlaves. Theſe
" reflections would not let me take one
" wink of ſleep; and when I call'd rea-
" ſon to an account for my repoſe, I
" eaſily perceived it was going to abandon
" me.

" Day appearing, I had an extraordi-
" nary impatience to go to the palace;
" I followed the emperor to the temple,
" there ſaw Livia, and my growing paſ-
" ſion took from her all at once twenty
" years at the leaſt. She often turned
" her eyes towards me, and mine could
" fix upon nothing but her. Her looks
" were paſſionate, her air tender, and
" my deſires made me fancy a thou-
" ſand favourable things. I redoubled
" my aſſiduity to Tiberius, and as he hath

" an

" an unlimited vanity, and imagining it " was ſomething glorious to ſee me amongſt " the number of his admirers, he expreſſed " a particular eſteem for me. The more " I ſaw the empreſs, the more I thought " it my duty to purſue her; every thing " ſeemed to call me to her; laughing " looks, obliging preferences, favourable " deciſions, care of my fortune, nay, and " ſighs too, which my preſumption made " me apply to myſelf. Mine grew bolder " and louder, and were heard without " repugnance.

" I was one day in the emperor's " chamber, when you and Mæcenas went " with him into his cloſet; and employ- " ing the time you ſtaid there very ſtu- " diouſly, leaning upon a window that " looked into the gardens, I took my " table book to ſet down theſe words:

Shall I then never in theſe places ſee
The conſort of the higheſt deity,
Stretch out a favourable hand to me?
From her bright eyes there flies a pointed dart,
Which makes a ſeizure of my very heart.

" At the very inſtant I had finiſhed this
" laſt verſe, I felt my table-book ſnatched
" from me, and turning back, ſaw it
" between the hands of the empreſs,
" who came in without attendance, and
" ſo ſoftly, that I did not hear her; my
" aſtoniſhment ſeemed very great, and her
" perplexity was not ſmall, after the
" reading of theſe lines. " You ſpeak
" of gods ſo near heaven," ſaid ſhe, with
a ſerious air, " that you have reaſon
" to dread their thunder; and methinks
" the name of Corinna agrees better with
" your miſtreſs than that of the goddeſs
" Juno." " I fear her more than all the
" other divinities together, replied I, with
" an aſſurance which needed no expla-
" nation to my table book; and the light-
" ning of her eyes is the only thing
" can make me tremble." " You appear
" ſo undaunted," purſued ſhe, a little
lower, " that certainly you do not think
" the wife of Jupiter very formidable;
" but, Ovid, you are ſo uſed to fictions,
" there's no laying any foundation upon
" what you ſay." " Had I any new ones
" to exhibit," continued I, " it ſhould
" not

" not be to my ſovereign; and my eyes " would eaſily convince her of what " paſſes in my heart, would ſhe but give " herſelf the trouble of examining them." " I know not what opinion you have of " my diſcretion," replied Livia, " nor " upon what grounds you expoſe your " ſecrets to my penetration; but it is " probable you conclude they run no riſque " under the ſhelter of Auguſtus's throne." " You know more already than I can " tell you," anſwered I, looking fixedly upon her; " I love, Madam....." " Though you are not timorous," interrupted ſhe, in a very obliging manner, " you ought at leaſt to be prudent. The " emperor is not far off," purſued ſhe, laughing, " and ſhou'd you name Te- " rentia, it wou'd not be perhaps with- " out danger." She then went out, and " I remained ſo full of what I had " heard, that I knew not where I was. " I found in Livia every thing proper " to move a paſſionate ſoul. If ſhe loved " me," ſaid I, giving way to the impetuoſity of my wiſhes, " it would not pro- " ceed from the blindneſs of a giddy

" youth,

" youth, juſt reaſons would fix her ten-
" derneſs, all my pleaſures would be with-
" out the uneaſineſs of rivals, and my
" perſeverance would not be obliged to
" follow wandering inclinations: What
" though Livia's huſband be the chief
" ſovereign in the world, that advantage
" is owing to an act which may decently
" authorize her to take great liberties;
" love, then, Ovid, love the empreſs of
" the Romans, and immortalize thy au-
" dacity by that raſh action.

" Thus, my lord, I engaged in Livia's
" ſervice, and eaſily diſcerned, in a very
" little time, that ſhe was infinitely pleaſed
" with all that came from me; it was
" in that ſweet and glorious myſtery I
" deceived all the Romans; Cæſar's wife
" became Corinna, a name devoted to the
" reigning object of my heart. Em-
" boldened by her continual bounties,
" and giving myſelf blindly up to love,
" it was for her I compoſed the Art of
" Love, where, to flatter the empreſs in
" the perſon of Tiberius, I mixed war
" with thoſe of an ardent paſſion. You

" will

" will perhaps wonder that I durſt pre-
" ſent Livia with a work where modeſty
" is ſometimes offended at the liberties
" of a licentious muſe; but I had my
" reaſons for ſo doing, and was not pu-
" niſhed. Such great fortune, and ſo pe-
" culiar to me, left nothing more to be
" wiſhed for. I had acquired the ad-
" vantage of pleaſing her, before whom
" all others bowed; and Auguſtus's power
" was ſo far from interrupting, that it ra-
" ther ſecured my happineſs. I enjoy'd it
" very quietly; the emperor being ſo
" wholly poſſeſſed with Terentia, that,
" only examining her actions, he leaves a
" full liberty to thoſe of Livia.

" In the mean time, the world gave
" ſuch interpretations to my amorous
" verſes, as did not a little favour us;
" my aſſiduities to Julia were much taken
" notice of by thoſe who pretend to di-
" vination; and, as it is impoſſible, with
" a tender ſoul, to look upon a fair ob-
" ject without being moved, I confeſs
" that, as much devoted as I was to
" the empreſs, the growing charms of

" the

" the emperor's daughter, often drew my " regard, and that I ſhould have made " no great ſcruple of being unfaithful; " but, I aſſure you, my lord, that prin- " ceſs, who is of an airy temper, always " laughs at my moſt moving expreſſions, " and never afforded me the leaſt favour, " excepting that of applauding my verſes, " and bearing my preſence with her uſual " bounty. The empreſs, nevertheleſs, " took notice of the pleaſure I took near " Julia, and jealouſy increaſing her fierce- " neſs, I was threatened with a violent " ſtorm, when I thought myſelf in a " profound calm." " Go, carry your " incenſe," ſaid ſhe, one day, to me, very diſdainfully, " to an unconſtant god- " deſs, and no longer expect an indul- " gence you are unworthy of." " What " hath a ſlave, that adores even your " very rigours, done to offend you?" re- ply'd I, much aſtoniſhed; " Is it my " heart or eyes you accuſe?" " I con- " demn every thing that comes from " you," purſued ſhe, haſtily; " abuſe " Julia, if you can; but be aſſured you " ſhall not again deceive me." At theſe

" words

" words ſhe haughtily walk'd off, and " left me, in a manner, planet-ſtruck. " I know not whether my reſentment " changed her face, but am ſure I no " longer found thoſe graces in her which " had charm'd me; and anger tearing " off the band love had drawn over my " eyes, gave back at once the twenty " years my paſſion had taken from her. " I found I was not proper for a corre- " ſpondence in which tyranny muſt be " predominant; and, without making " longer reflections, I looked upon thoſe " fetters as very burthenſome, which had " appeared ſo light in the putting on. " You can bear me no longer, Livia," ſaid I, inſpired by that libertine ſtar which is ſo great a friend to tranquility; " and you expect that my repoſe ſhould be " the victim of your capricios: but be " not deceiv'd, it knows how to defend " itſelf, and I ſhall take care to preſerve " it, in ſpite of your teeth." I returned " to my own houſe very unconcernedly " for a man who had been ſo much in " love; and feeling my poetic vein pretty " much heated, I begun a work very

" con-

" contrary to the Art of Love, called " Remedies againſt Love. As I was in " a writing humour, and always found it " eaſy to me, I quickly compoſed that " piece, which appeared at Rome before " my deſign was known. All my friends " commended it, perhaps too much; the " empreſs, who avoided me, not ſeeing " it 'till it was in a third hand, though " ſhe had always had the firſt peruſal " of my former works, was almoſt di- " ſtracted to think that anger ſhould deprive " her of a conqueſt which ſhe had taken " pleaſure in making, and to which, her " glory was concern'd, in calling me back.

" All this time I never ſaw her but " at a diſtance, and if I happened to " come in her way, I only made moſt " profound bows, without drawing near " her; this coldneſs continued ſeveral " weeks; but the Remedies againſt Love " made ſo much noiſe, that ſhe could not " bear the ſecret ſhame of having made " my muſe change its ſtyle; for that " novelty diverted all Rome, and is indeed

" fuller

" fuller of wit and venom than all my " other works.

" My lord, you know the freed wo- " man Eurilamia, that young wonder who " was brought to Rome, loaded with " irons, whom Livia took about her- " ſelf and honoured with her favour, " after having given her liberty; I ſay, " you know her perſon, but her more " admirable qualifications are hid from " you; there is not a perſon in the " world more ſolidly virtuous; ſhe is of " a charming humour, hath a nice wit, " a generous ſoul, and moſt noble and " exalted inclinations. She was not ig- " norant of the empreſs's ſentiments for " me; and though ſhe highly diſapproved " of them, her diſcretion was a ſecurity to " Livia's glory. As I had but little ac- " quaintance with her, I was extremely " ſurprized one day, when croſſing the " great gallery, which bears the em- " preſs's name, to hear myſelf called by " young Eurilamia, who carried me into " her chamber, without ſcarce daring to " lift up her eyes upon me; ſo much

" did

" did her wiſdom condemn the freedom
" of this action, which I was convinced
" ſhe had no ſhare in, by a certain un-
" eaſineſs which appeared through her
" charming and languiſhing air." " You
" are ſo accuſtomed to good fortune,
" Ovid," ſaid ſhe, affecting a ſmile, " that
" you might expect a new one from my
" proceedings, were I not a miſerable
" freed woman." " The words of Euri-
" lamia, with her moving beauty, which
" was wholly owing to nature, wrought
" a ſtrange effect upon me: " I never
" met with any fortune," reply'd I, " that
" I would not forfeit for the leaſt of your
" favours; and though you have worn
" fetters, you are not the leſs proper to
" make others wear your's." " I ſhould
" not learn that art in the Remedies for
" Love," reply'd ſhe, agreeably. " No,"
purſued I; " but if you want any aſſiſt-
" ance to make you adored, you will find
" it in the Art of Love." " Since you
" made neither of them for me," anſwered
Eurilamia, " it is not neceſſary I ſhould
" either ſtudy or practice them; but the
" empreſs, who is very penetrating, will

" under-

" underſtand your leſſons much better
" than I, and tell you in a moment
" whether ſhe has unfolded the myſte-
" ries of them; for I am going to in-
" form her of your attending her here."
" The amiable Eurilamia then left me alone,
" and under the empire of a new paſſion,
" which ſhe had created in an inſtant.
" Good gods!" ſaid I, " What an ad-
" venture have I met with! Livia makes
" uſe of a means to call me back, which
" will ſend me from her for ever. Ah!
" Eurilamia, what a charming creature
" you are!..." Livia put a ſtop to this
" tranſport, by entering with her freed
" woman, and it was then, my lord, I
" diſcerned the difference between the
" diſorders of age and a ſparkling youth.
" Eurilamia walked into another room,
" where my heart followed her, and left
" me a prey to the reproaches of a pro-
" voked miſtreſs." " Well, Ovid," ſaid
ſhe, having looked upon me a long time
without ſpeaking, " have you made a
" good uſe of your own precepts? Do
" you find the Remedies for Love hath
" made any conſiderable alteration in

" your ſoul?" " I am more ſick than ever," reply'd I; " and you know, Madam, " great illneſſes are not eaſily cured." " I know it but too well," anſwered Livia, " having had more diſeaſes than " one, which will perhaps laſt eternally: " I leave you to judge of my ſufferings " by my return to, and loſing the de- " ſire I had of puniſhing you, notwith- " ſtanding the juſt quarrel I had againſt " you."

" Livia's ſoft expreſſions moved me but " little in the condition I was in; but " Eurilamia, for whom I had already a " violent paſſion, obliged me to manage " her, ſince, without her favour, there " was no poſſibility of ſeeing that beau- " tiful creature. I therefore diſſembled, " and as there was really much love in " my eyes, Livia took it to herſelf, and " ſeemed very well ſatisfied: In ſhort, " we were perfectly reconciled; and ſhe " afterwards told me, ſhe was very glad " I had, by the Remedies for Love, ta- " ken off all ſuſpicions that the Art of

" Love

" Love might have raiſed in curious and
" intelligent perſons.

" After ſeveral long diſcourſes, which
" would be ſuperfluous to repeat, I
" parted from Livia more in favour
" than ever; but I carried Eurilamia's
" image engraved at the bottom of my
" ſoul; night and day I ſaw nothing
" elſe; every thing in her pleaſed me.
" But, ah! my lord, I found a vaſt dif-
" ference between the empreſs and her;
" I mean not only as to their age and
" beauty, but their ways of proceed-
" ing: Livia's looks were bold and ac-
" tive, thoſe of Eurilamia modeſt and in-
" different; the one never ſaw me enough,
" the other met me too often. The
" empreſs could have wiſh'd I had per-
" petually diſcourſed of my love; but
" Eurilamia, perceiving it had changed
" its object, avoided all opportunities of
" letting me diſcover it. I waited for
" one a long time, and at length
" met with it; her quick apprehenſion
" ſoon found out my deſign, though
" ſhe was buſy in reading when I ac-

" coſted her." " Lay aſide this book " for a moment, fair Eurilamia," ſaid I, " and read, I conjure you, what paſſes " in my heart." " I know very well " what ought to paſs there," reply'd ſhe, without raiſing her eyes, " ſo ſhall " not give myſelf ſuch a fruitleſs trouble." " You are not ſo knowing as you ima- " gine" continued I, " unleſs you are " convinced that you reign there with " an abſolute power." " Ovid," interrupted Eurilamia, with a fierceneſs that ſurprized and made me tremble, " though I am no empreſs, my ſoul is " perhaps great enough for that dignity, " ſince I could not with patience bear " from Auguſtus himſelf what you have " the confidence to tell me: But, to " impoſe a perpetual ſilence upon you, " remember I am under Livia's protec- " tion, whoſe goodneſs to you doth not " authorize any failure of reſpect to me." " Theſe words, pronounced with a ſu- " pernatural majeſty, really repreſſed my " freedom, and inſpired me with a pro- " found reverence. I obſerved, at that " moment, ſuch an air of grandeur in

" Euri-

" Eurilamia's face, that I believed her " not only of the blood of kings, but " even of that of the gods; and hum- " bling myſelf before her more than I " had ever done before Livia, " I aſk " pardon, Madam," ſaid I, " for not " being able to reſiſt the force of my " paſſion; but be pleaſed to conſider, " that love without preſumption is not " incompatible with reſpect, and that " you ought not to be offended at the " unavoidable effects of your beauty." " You are ſo uſed to ſpeak of love," reply'd Eurilamia, leſs ſeriouſly, that " I " ſee it is impoſſible to make you ſubmit " to any other language; and what you " have done, being a fault owing to " cuſtom, muſt be forgot; but, Ovid, " in the name of the gods, and that " true eſteem I have for your merit, " do not aggravate the grief of my ſad " condition by compliments that are all " due to Livia; ſhe likes them; and " would to heaven ſhe had (by leaving " me in bonds) concealed thoſe weak- " neſſes which muſt needs make me " look upon her with contempt. I am

" ſure you are not ſurprized to hear a " maid ſpeak after this manner, who " profeſſes a love for wiſdom; and if " you have as large a ſhare of that, as " of wit, you cannot but eſteem me " the more." " Yes, Eurilamia," reply'd I, full of a true admiration, " I " do eſteem you the more, but I ſhall " not love you the leſs; for all you " ſay is ſo full of equity, that it is ſtill a " freſh engagement to adore you." Livia " called for Eurilamia at that very in- " ſtant, and I went from her more in- " flamed than before. I did what I " could to learn her true condition, but " it was to no purpoſe. I have lived " under great reſtraint becauſe of the " empreſs, who always obſerves me; " her amiable freed woman treats me " without contempt, but with ſuch con- " ſtant indifference, that I have no reaſon " to conceive the leaſt hope. This, my " lord, is the true condition of that " heart you ſuſpected only for Julia; " the empreſs hath had a large ſhare in " it, but it is now wholly poſſeſſed by " Eurilamia: See the truſt I repoſe in,

" and

" and what difficulties I have overcome " to ſatisfy you." " You run no dan- " ger," anſwered Agrippa, embracing him; " I confeſs, Livia deceived me, " as well as all the empire; but, Ovid, " manage yourſelf prudently with that " vindictive woman, who will highly " reſent your hypocriſy, if ſhe finds you " out: You give me a ſincere eſteem " for Eurilamia, and I ſhall endeavour " to ſee her upon your account." It being late, Ovid left Agrippa full of joy, that he was not his rival.

The moſt tender things Ovid ever ſaid in verſe, were not comparable to what he felt for Eurilamia; he was only faſtened to Livia by the ties of fear and decency; but he loved Eurilamia with ſuch ardor, as prepoſſeſs'd him with other fires; but though ſhe eſteemed his merit, ſhe had no ſenſe of his love.

As he was a privileged perſon, it was no ſmall advantage to his ſecret inclinations, to have the liberty of going every day to the empreſs's, without giving her

umbrage. She began to have an opinion of his fidelity; ſo that had Eurilamia been of intelligence with him, no lover could have ſtiled himſelf more happy.

The credit Ovid had acquired at Rome, did ſtill illuſtrate the nobleneſs of his birth; he was wiſh'd for every where; the empreſs loved him violently; the emperor expreſſed his kindneſs by an open preference; Agrippa, who had ſuch an aſcendant over Auguſtus, was his intimate friend; Mæcenas, the protector of ſciences, had procured his muſe a glorious acceſs to the throne of the Cæſars, and never was man more fortunate and leſs envied.

The opinion of his being in love with the princeſs Julia, was built upon the familiarity of Cæſar's daughter, and Agrippa was in the ſame public error which Livia had been in, for ſome time; but being cured of that opinion, he bent his thoughts to be ſerviceable to Ovid in his amour for Eurilamia; and finding her alone in an alley of the garden, the day after

after Ovid's declaration, he then obſerved, much better than he had done before, a beauty more induſtrious to conceal than diſcover her charms: She no ſooner ſaw Agrippa, but ſhe endeavoured to avoid him, which being perceived by Cæſar's favourite, he oppoſed her deſign, by accoſting her with all the civility that could be obſerved to the moſt illuſtrious Roman. "Fly not a man who is ambitious of "aſſuring you, fair Eurilamia," ſaid he, "how much he reſpects your virtue, "and that the proteſtation he makes is "not the leſs ſincere for coming ſo late." "I am ſo much perſuaded of your ge-"neroſity, my lord," anſwered ſhe, "that "I ſhall neither fly you, nor doubt the "truth of what you are pleaſed to tell "me; ſince it is no ſmall conſolation "for a miſerable ſtranger to ſee the emi-"nent Agrippa intereſt himſelf in her "favour." "I know not," continued Agrippa, "what could till now ſo far "blind my eyes as to obſtruct their "doing you juſtice; but muſt confeſs, "that, within theſe few moments, they "are open enough to ſee that your perſon is

"of

" of an ineſtimable value, and that for-
" tune is very unequitable in perſecuting
" you with its capricios." " Fortune,"
" reply'd Eurilamia, " looks this day
" more favourably upon me than ſhe
" hath done a long time, and I find my
" afflictions have not deprived me of all
" ſenſe, by the pleaſure I take in theſe
" teſtimonies of your bounty." " I would
" do any thing for the eſtabliſhment of
" your repoſe: But, Madam, give me
" leave," added Agrippa, " to intereſt
" myſelf in that of a friend's, too, who
" is reduced to a miſerable ſtate by your
" indifference." " My lord," anſwered
the beautiful freed woman, ſmiling, and
bluſhing a little, " that friend ought to
" limit all his advantages in the merit
" he has received from the gods. It is
" amongſt the Roman ladies I would
" adviſe him to practiſe his refined gal-
" lantries: But as for me, my lord, were
" I well known to you, you would own
" the injuſtice of requiring any thing
" of me beyond eſteem." " His reſpect
" will exact nothing from you," reply'd
he, " that may not reaſonably be granted;

" and

" and really, Madam, if you knew the " value of Ovid's heart, you would re- " ceive it without repugnance." " Alas! " my lord," anſwered Eurilamia, " how " contrary are theſe intrigues to the tran- " quility of life! I am not ignorant of " all his fine qualifications; but . . . ." As ſhe was about to continue, ſeveral perſons appeared at the end of the alley, and the amorous Agrippa quickly eſpied the glorious Julia amongſt them. Tiberius and Ovid were with her, and her briſkneſs was capable of infuſing mirth in any ſoul but Agrippa's. " You ſee, " my lord," ſaid Eurilamia, who obſerved a chearful air in Ovid's face, " your " friend is not ſo much to be pity'd, " ſince his ſatisfaction is at leaſt as " great as his love." This converſation could not continue. Julia, who knew to what degree ſhe was beloved by Agrippa, was a little ſurprized at his being ſo particular with Eurilamia; but Ovid, by the uneaſineſs of that maid, knew they had been diſcourſing of him. She had ſomething that day infinitely moving, no art contributed to her beauty,

inſo-

inſomuch, that Julia, who had perhaps never ſeen ſo much of her, was really ſurprized at it; and as ſhe was civil and obliging, ſhe accoſted her in the ſame manner as ſhe might have done the moſt conſiderable of the Roman ladies. She admired the extraordinary graces of her perſon, and was confirmed in the good opinion ſhe had of her, by a modeſt bluſh that overſpread her face. Eurilamia would have retired, out of reſpect, but Julia obliged her to follow her; and, in that general converſation, found ſhe had as much wit as beauty; and, from that time, not a day paſſed but the princeſs endeavoured to ſee her.

Ovid ſaw, with grief, that the officious Agrippa had in vain attempted to ſerve him; not that her civility leſſen'd, but her tenderneſs did not increaſe. The amorous intrigues of Auguſtus, authorizing Livia, as ſhe thought, to indulge her inclinations, ſhe gave herſelf wholly up to them without ſcruple; and, if ſhe had any, it was concerning the fidelity

of

of Ovid, who, in point of love, was not always very ſincere.

Agrippa burnt with an immoderate ardor, and Julius Antonius aſpired to a happineſs he deſpaired of having any proſpect of; the princeſs Marcella was given to Auguſtus's favourite, againſt her own conſent, and ſaw the ſufferings of Antonius, who was dear to her, with ſo much the more grief, in that ſhe was not able to do any thing for him. Tiberius loved Julia as well as he could, but his vaſt ambition had furiouſly augmented that amour, and the hopes of the empire took up the chief place in his thoughts. Thus Rome was full of pretenders. Few days paſſed without pleaſures, and Julia thought ſhe had ſufficiently diſcharged her engagements to Hymen, in bedewing Marcellus's aſhes with ſome tears, not being of a temper to preſerve her affections beyond the grave.

As ſhe imagined Auguſtus would not leave her long in a ſtate of freedom,

ſhe

ſhe thought to favour Agrippa rather than another, he having moſt credit with the emperor; and though the bloom of youth was over, he was ſtill very agreeable. His graceful mien inſpired reſpect; a wit, full of ſweetneſs inſinuated, whenever he undertook to perſuade, and his generous ſoul was ever conferring benefits, and never ſo well pleaſed as in doing good.

Julia invited him to partake of all her diverſions, and he then diſcovered his violent paſſion for her, and indifference for Marcella. . . . "But Agrippa," ſaid ſhe, pleaſantly to him, one day, "What makes "you ſo ill-adviſed to love me? I thought "you only born for glorious employ-"ments: And though you ſhould break "thoſe bonds which link you to Marcella, "durſt you venture to engage in others "with me? And do you not know I am "looked upon at Rome as the moſt fickle "woman in the univerſe?" "As I have "no common ſentiments for our charm-"ing princeſs," replied Agrippa, "I only "judge of her by myſelf: The adora-

"tions

" tions of the earth are her due, and to " deprive her of the liberty of receiving " them, would be a very unjuſt reſtraint." This deference, from ſuch a man as Agrippa, did not a little flatter the free humour of Julia, who thought ſuch a convenient huſband would be very proper for her; ſhe accuſtomed herſelf to hear him ſpeak of love, and to anſwer him ſo favourably, that Agrippa's condition was but the more deplorable; ſince, had not Marcella been in the way, he might have promiſed himſelf any thing from Auguſtus's friendſhip; he having proteſted to him, that, Marcellus excepted, he had choſe him for his daughter, preferably to any other.

Being well aſſured of Ovid's diſcretion, he made uſe of one he knew would be a ſerviceable agent to Julia, and did not ceaſe ſoliciting Eurilamia in favour of a man who took ſuch care in promoting his intereſt.

Livia was not ſo well cured of her jealous ſuſpicions, to obſerve this new

aſſiduity to Julia, without an extreme uneaſineſs. The reſpect Ovid paid her, was grown very languid, for want of the love that uſed to enliven them; and the ſhame of having yielded to the gallantry of a man ſo much her inferior, whoſe indifference was within one ſtep of ingratitude, filled her ſoul with ſuch fury, that, as amiable as Ovid was, ſhe reſolved to puniſh him ſeverely.

As for his part, he was entirely devoted to Eurilamia, and the obſtacles to his happineſs did not leſſen his deſires. Livia's freed woman being in a condition full of grief and uncertainty, could do nothing either for him or herſelf: She was a king's daughter; but her father falling under the Roman power, after the misfortunes of her family, ſhe had that of enduring the miſeries of ſervitude; but this was not her moſt ſenſible affliction, the remembrance of an illuſtrious prince was her greateſt torture.

Julia having found out her worth, often appointed her to come where ſhe was,

and

and Agrippa obſerving that aſſiduity, thought good to entruſt the princeſs with Ovid's ſecret. He could not put it into more favourable hands: But though Eurilamia had no ſmall reſpect and eſteem for Julia, yet ſhe promiſed her no more favour for Ovid, than ſhe had done Agrippa. "If you are diſpoſed to ſettle amongſt "the Romans," ſaid Auguſtus's daughter, "your heart and reaſon cannot de- "clare more advantageouſly than for "Ovid; he is of a very conſiderable "family, is much eſteemed all over the "earth, and hath an infinite number of "friends in the empire." "Ovid hath, "doubtleſs, every thing that's valuable," anſwered Eurilamia, "and the princeſs "Julia's advice could not fail of being "obſerved by a free heart: I confeſs, "Madam, my reſpect ought to ſubmit "to your approbation, but it is a long "time ſince I had the diſpoſal of the "heart that is required of me, and I "ſhould doubtleſs raiſe your compaſſion, "were I perfectly known to you." "It "ſhall be your fault if I am kept longer "in ignorance," reply'd Julia, ſtretching

forth her hand in a very obliging manner, "and if an aſſurance of a real diſcretion "and much zeal, will be any ſatisfaction "to you, I here make a ſolemn proteſta- "tion of both." "Your commands are "ſufficient, anſwered Eurilamia, and I "deſire no other cautions, beſides the "firſt teſtimonies of your goodneſs: "Hear, then, a relation which I ſhall make "in a few words, and which hath not "been entruſted with any perſon what- "ſoever."

The Hiſtory of ARISMENA, *Princeſs of the* Baſternes, *and* DOROSMANUS, *Prince of* Dacia.

"I Was born, Madam, in Germany, "only daughter to Deldon, king of "the Baſternes; my true name is Ariſ- "mena, and I was looked upon, in the "firſt years of my life, as heireſs to his "dominions. My father was not inclina- "ble to create himſelf enemies, but be- "ing ſtrongly ſolicited by Deceballus, "king of Dacia, his ally, he entered

"with

" with him into Greece and Macedonia,
" and ſo drew upon himſelf the anger
" of Auguſtus, who, to humble the va-
" nity of two princes, whom the Ro-
" mans looked upon as barbarians, ſent
" againſt them a great number of Ro-
" man legions, under the conduct of
" Craſſus. They were driven out of thoſe
" provinces which ſtirred up the ambition
" of Deceballus; my father's were all
" laid waſte, and he killed by the
" hand of Craſſus. The queen my mo-
" ther, ſinking under ſo many misfor-
" tunes, died of grief, and I was the
" only remainder of a blood noble enough
" to be looked upon with ſome com-
" paſſion. The faithful ſubjects of Del-
" don did then make me avoid the Ro-
" man captivity, but that condition was
" but deferr'd, and I wiſh to the gods
" it had not.

" As the king of Dacia had weather'd
" the ſtorm better than my father,
" he made ſome agreements after, by
" virtue of which he continued maſter
" of his ſtates and liberty, and had only

" the ſhame of being ſeveral times van-
" quiſh'd, as a puniſhment of his temerity.
" The Baſterneſes concluding, with reaſon,
" that I could not take a better ſanctuary
" any where, than with the prince who
" occaſioned the ruin of their's, carry'd
" me to Sogethuſa, the metropolis of
" Dacia, ſeated upon one of the branches
" of the river Mariſus, where Deceballus
" kept his court. I was then in my
" fourteenth year, and had a deep ſenſe
" of my misfortune. Every thing had
" contributed to make me ſeem exalted
" at the beginning of my life; viz. the
" complaiſance of an indulgent father,
" the love of a fond mother, and the
" flattering affection of a whole kingdom.
" I could not therefore behold myſelf
" wandering under the conduct of a ſmall
" number of perſons, without a ſenſible
" grief; ſo that that unhappy voyage was
" accompanied with tears.

" Honour and reaſon were not as yet
" wholly extinguiſhed in Deceballus, who
" received me with apparent joy, and
" remitted me into the hands of the

" princeſs

" princeſs Ibicilla, his ſiſter, widow to
" the prince of the Getes, who had but
" one daughter, partly of my age. The
" queen of the Getes died ſome years
" before, and left the king (who did
" not marry again) but one ſon, named
" Doroſmanus: This young prince was
" travelling about Aſia during the calm
" which our misfortunes had aſſured to
" Dacia. He was generally ſpoken of
" as a prodigy of merit, and it was as
" generally reported that his father de-
" ſigned for him the princeſs of the Maſſa-
" getes, heireſs to the beſt part of Aſiatic
" Scythia. Deceballus gave me at firſt
" many teſtimonies of a generous bounty,
" and great eſteem; he pity'd my father's
" diſaſters, and ſolemnly proteſted that his
" cares ſhould ſweeten mine. But, ah!
" Madam, how uncertain are men's pro-
" miſes, and how imprudent is it to truſt
" to them! Theſe appearances of can-
" dour ſtopt the current of my tears,
" and the agreeable converſation of Ibi-
" cilla, with that of young Atalanta,
" her daughter, ſtupified a grief which
" had been as violent as it was juſt; in

" ſhort, I breathed at Sogethuſa, and be-
" gun to form ſtrange projects of eaſe
" and proſperity, but I reckon'd without
" fortune, who was not on my ſide.

" As all nations love novelty, the Da-
" cians thought me very agreeable, and
" I ſpent two years in Deceballus's court,
" without receiving the leaſt diſcontent.
" Ibicilla ſeem'd to love me like a mo-
" ther, Atalanta gave me a large ſhare
" in her friendſhip, and I could not, in
" thoſe circumſtances, apprehend the trou-
" bles that were yet allotted for me.

" The prince Doroſmanus was impa-
" tiently expected at Sogethuſa, but his
" return was delay'd by the inſurrection
" of ſome provinces upon the frontiers
" of Deceballus's kingdom; who, fear-
" ing the Roman power, ſince he had
" made trial of its forces, ſent thither
" his chief lieutenants. Doroſmanus put
" himſelf at the head of his father's
" troops, and, though extreme young,
" ſhew'd ſo much valour and prudence,

" that

" that he re-eſtabliſhed a glorious peace,
" and took the road to Sogethuſa.

" Every thing I heard of Doroſmanus
" moved my curioſity; Atalanta had ſpoke
" of him ſeveral times, and I was pre-
" poſſeſſed in his favour with ſuch an
" opinion as one ought to have for ex-
" traordinary perſons. I fell ſick ſome
" days before his arrival, and, to recover
" that indiſpoſition, the king would needs
" have me ſpend ſome time at Tenaſia, a
" royal houſe, ſeated likewiſe upon the
" brink of the Maſrius, and half a
" day's journey from Sogethuſa. Ibicilla
" could not go with me, and Atalanta
" ſtaying with her, I was accompanied
" by ſeveral conſiderable women of the
" Dacian court, who were ordered to at-
" tend me.

" The good air of Tenaſia reſtored my
" health in a very little time; as ſoon
" as I was in a condition to go abroad
" without trouble, I often took a walk,
" and did ſo accuſtom myſelf to that fine
" ſolitude, that I ſhould have preferred

" it to Sogethuſa, had Atalanta been there
" with me.

" Being one day got beyond the limits
" of Tenaſia, with ſome maids and young
" ſlaves, we follow'd the courſe of the
" Mariſus, and having tired myſelf with
" walking, I was obliged to ſit down
" upon the bank, where I looked upon
" the agitation of the water, making
" ſome ſerious reflexions. They were
" interrupted by a great noiſe, and turn-
" ing my head, I ſaw ſeveral horſemen,
" who followed a man of admirable beau-
" ty and great youth. Any thing might
" alarm one of my age, and yet I was
" not frightned at them; my cloaths were
" rich enough to diſcover my rank, and
" the unknown man, whom I had diſtin-
" guiſh'd from the reſt, by his good mien,
" ſtopped to look attentively upon me.
" O, gods! Theombus," ſaid he, to one
" of his followers, " What do I ſee!"
" It is not the princeſs of the Maſſagetes,"
anſwered the Dacian, laughing; " and I
" adviſe you, my lord, not to ſtay any
" longer, for fear Cupid ſhould put a
" cheat

" cheat upon the king your father, in " drawing you into a ſnare he hath not " allotted for you."

" Doroſmanus (for it was he) could " not agree with Theombus, but that " man having a great deal of credit with " Deceballus, he was obliged to follow " him; the prince not knowing I was at " Tenaſia, was ſatisfied with bowing to " me as he paſſed by, and continued, " whether he would or no, his way to " Sogethuſa.

" When he was at a diſtance, I did " not believe I ſhould think of him any " longer; but that tranſient view had " made a deep impreſſion upon my weak- " neſs, and my wounded imagination faith- " fully called back that agreeable image; " I carried it to Tenaſia, where I re- " ceived the confirmation of the prince's " paſſing by, and changed my intentions " ſeveral times in a moment; I was now " for going, then for ſtaying, and could " not but condemn a diſturbance which " every minute increaſed. What ſhould I

" do,

" do, ſaid I, at the nuptials of the prin-
" ceſs of the Maſſagetes? Is it for one,
" condemn'd to grief and ſufferings, to
" go in purſuit of pleaſures?

" While I was taken up with theſe
" thoughts, Doroſmanus entered Sogethuſa
" in a triumphant manner, but he did
" not enter into it free; and though he
" only ſaw me in paſſing by, I was ever
" preſent to his memory. After having
" received the king's embraces, he went
" to Ibicilla, and carried joy along with
" him; Atalanta's beauty ſeemed to him
" conſiderably improved, which he con-
" gratulated with her, and aſked where
" I was, that he might pay me his firſt
" civilities; they informed him of my
" being at Tenaſia; he ſeemed ſurprized
" at it, not doubting but I was the
" ſame who had been ſeen by him in his
" journey.

" The ſame evening Deceballus ac-
" quainted him with his deſign of ſend-
" ing Theombus to the king of the Maſ-
" ſagetes, in order to conduct the prin-

" ceſs

" ceſs Thamira, as the articles of their " marriage were already drawn up.

" Doroſmanus, before his ſeeing me, was " neither averſe to, nor fond of Thamira; " and as royal alliances are commonly " made upon reaſons of ſtate, he had not " diſputed the will of Deceballus; but " then finding how forcibly his inclinations " oppoſed the obedience which he owed " a father, " My lord," ſaid he, " I beg " your goodneſs would not precipitate " an affair of ſuch importance; my heart is " chiefly concerned in it, and cannot ſub- " mit to an unknown power." " How!" replied the imperious Deceballus, " would " you purchaſe your happineſs with ſuch " ſufferings as makes all wiſe perſons to ab- " hor the tyranny of love? And do you " imagine it will be the leſs, for not putting " you to the expence of a ſigh? Be " ſatisfy'd, Thamira is my choice; that " I cannot make an ill one; and that " all Aſia ſpeaks of her beauty." Doroſ- " manus, not daring to anſwer a man " who was ſcarce ever moderate, was " forced to retire full of grief.

" The

" The next day Theombus, as Dece-
" ballus had reſolved, parted with a ſtately
" train for the country of the Maſſagetes;
" Doroſmanus was afflicted at it, and three
" days after I returned to Sogethuſa, hav-
" ing made many vain efforts to raiſe
" my reaſon above an agreeable, yet me-
" lancholy prepoſſeſſion. I affected a neg-
" ligence merely to avoid making uſe of
" any aſſiſtance to attack a heart I knew
" was not deſtined for me; Deceballus
" was much pleaſed with that piece of
" modeſty, Doroſmanus looked upon it as
" a contempt, and Atalanta quarrelled with
" me about it. " If you love ſhew and
" ornaments ſo well," ſaid I, ſmiling,
without any diſpoſition to it, " you will
" ſoon be in the midſt of a pomp that
" will ſatisfy you."

" The prince of Dacia loved me not
" one tittle the leſs, for all the care I
" took to avoid exterior ornaments;
" and ſome moments converſe, which
" decency forced me to, abſolutely deter-
" mined him not to obey Deceballus.
" For my part, Madam, I muſt confeſs, I
" had

" had not the power to reſiſt thoſe looks
" that were wholly fixed upon me, and
" which were accompanied with all ima-
" ginable endeavours to pleaſe me.

" As I was inſeparable from the prin-
" ceſs Atalanta, Doroſmanus had as many
" opportunities of ſeeing me as he could
" deſire, and our croſs'd inclinations
" ſoon deteſted whatever was contrary to
" them.

" Doroſmanus had not made a full diſ-
" covery of his heart, when we heard
" of Theombus's arrival at the court of
" the Maſſagetes, and the magnificent
" reception he there met with. This was
" a mortal cut to the prince of Dacia,
" neither was I inſenſible of it. " What
" ails you, my lord," ſaid I, ſeeing him
come in with a pale face, and wild eyes.
" I am undone, Madam," cry'd he,
in a diſmal manner; " I am ruin'd, if
" you are not favourable to me." " And
" what can I do for him who is able
" to do all things," reply'd I. " Con-
" ſider, my lord, I am an unhappy wo-
" man,

" man, who poſſeſs nothing but what " I receive from the king your father." " Alas! Madam," continued he, " I know " too well that the perſon who occaſioned " your father's misfortunes, hath not re- " paired the diſorders of his ambition as " he ought; but you know not, that " Doroſmanus, who had nothing but a " heart to offer, hath devoted it for ever " to your ſervice; it is in vain deſign'd " for Thamira, ſince you will eternally " poſſeſs it." " Ah, my lord," interrupted I, " remember your marriage: " What advantage can you propoſe in " the diſconſolate Ariſmena? who muſt " not aſpire to pleaſe, and yet would not " diſpleaſe you! Obey Deceballus, and " take heed of provoking the gods by a " rebellion which they will not approve of." " O! how pityleſs is your virtue," purſued the prince, " why will you make " me deſperate? My love is the effect of " your beauty; and if they would have " me love Thamira, why did they not " let me ſee her before you? " The con- " duct of the gods, my lord," replied I, " requires no juſtification: You will per-

" haps

" haps find thoſe charms in Thamira which
" you do not expect. As for the flames
" you ſpeak of, if I thought them real,
" I would avoid you to extinguiſh them."
" There appeared ſuch a ſenſible grief in
" the eyes of Doroſmanus, at theſe words,
" that I was extremely moved at it, but
" did not change my ſtyle.

" When I was alone, I could not for-
" bear compaſſionating both his unhap-
" pineſs and my own; I felt a pleaſing
" joy in the perſuaſion of being beloved;
" but the obſtacles to that tenderneſs
" ſoon gave it a ſevere check, and made
" me ſhed a torrent of tears, which I
" could not withold.

" I ſaw the languor of Doroſmanus, but
" did not ſee it without ſympathizing
" with him; he always purſued me, often
" ſpake to me, and how could I avoid
" him in thoſe places where the merit
" of his perſon made him more formi-
" dable than an hundred other advantages?
" The charms of his converſation laid my
" reaſon aſleep, and ſhut my eyes againſt

" a thou-

" a thouſand dangers which I had to fear.
" Well, prince," ſaid I, one day, " I hear
" you, I anſwer you tenderly; but what
" do you propoſe after all? Thamira is
" coming, and all Dacia will be concern'd
" to promote her felicity." " Madam,"
interrupted the prince, " death ſhall de-
" liver me from Deceballus, if he ſtill
" inſiſts upon it. I know the princeſs of
" the Maſſagetes is paſſionately beloved
" by ſeveral princes, and if they raiſe no
" obſtacle to her voyage, I ſhall find out
" invincible ones to the effect that is
" expected from it. Ah! Madam, would
" you but eternally ſecure yourſelf, by
" truſting to my love, againſt the fate
" that perſecutes us, we would go breathe
" a freer air in a more happy climate."
" We might go in purſuit of it, my lord,"
reply'd I, " but not carrying innocence
" along with us, we ſhould not perhaps
" meet with the more happineſs. Let
" us at leaſt preſerve that precious trea-
" ſure, Doroſmanus, and not preſent the
" univerſe with the ſpectacle of a vaga-
" bond maid, under the conduct of a diſ-
" obedient prince."

" It

" It was thus we diſputed, Madam. " Atalanta, who knew the ſecret, would " have willingly favoured Doroſmanus, but " what could ſhe do, when love itſelf could " not aſſiſt him. Finally, we heard that " Thamira was advancing towards Dacia; " Doroſmanus trembled, and I ſigh'd at " the news; but we learnt a few days " after, that ſhe was forced out of the " hands of Theombus, and he killed in " her defence.

" This ſurprizing news put new life " into Doroſmanus, pleaſed me perhaps too " much, and enraged Deceballus to a high " degree. He ſuſpected the king of Pon- " tus guilty of the rape, therefore formed " ſeveral projects of revenge againſt him. " The joy of Doroſmanus unveiled the " myſtery which he had till then concealed; " his father loaded him with reproaches, and " found out the whole truth. " What!" ſaid he, " when I confine my wiſhes and " the cares of my life, in ſecuring to you " a fortune above revolutions, muſt you, " forgetting ſacred duties, for a mean " beauty, abandon your heart to a wo-

" man deſtitute of all things! But you " ſhall not long triumph over my will; " the king of Pontus is not invincible, " and I deſign to go and puniſh his attempt " in perſon." " My lord," anſwered Doroſmanus, undauntedly, " the love I " have for the princeſs of the Baſternes, " is wholly out of my power; I have " ſtruggled with it as much as poſſible, " but all in vain, for I find I am deſtined " to love her as long as I live: You " ſee the gods themſelves favour my ſen- " timents, and are contrary to your's; " why then do you not repair the miſ- " fortunes of Deldon by the alliance of " Ariſmena."

" Theſe diſcourſes did but aggravate " two tempers, which were neither of " them naturally moderate; I was much " more unhappy; and ſome time after " the rape of Thamira, while Deceballus " was putting all in arms to overthrow " the king of Pontus, we received the " news of his having married the princeſs " of the Maſſagetes, in his dominions. " One would have thought Deceballus

" ſhould

" ſhould appear more reaſonable after this
" marriage, but he abhorr'd the love which
" his ſon had for me, and accuſing my
" preſence of it, he took an unworthy
" and barbarous reſolution: It was at
" firſt to deſtroy me, but his privy-
" council made him conſent to baniſh
" me, and I received that ſevere order
" when I leaſt expected it, a ſecret in-
" telligence with the prince having filled
" me with other ideas. It was Thomays,
" a Dacian, educated in the ſchool of
" cruelty, and harden'd by a brutiſh na-
" ture, who came to declare the intentions
" of Deceballus. " Madam," ſaid he, " you
" muſt remove from Sogethuſa; the king
" poſitively commands it." " And which
" way muſt I remove?" anſwer'd I, aſto-
niſh'd at that meſſage: " Towards Rome,"
purſued that barbarian, laughing at my
miſery. " You are in the right," added I,
pierced with grief; " ſince I believe I
" ſhould find more generoſity in the houſe
" of Craſſus, than I do in that of Deceballus.
" Tell him, I am ready to fly from his
" tyranny; and though the gods ſuffer
" it for a time, their revenge will infalli-

" bly overtake him: He hath ſacrificed
" my father, and is now my perſecutor."
" Theſe invectives are pardonable in a
" weak ſex," replied the audacious Thomays: " Go, Madam, go under the pro-
" tection of your revengeful gods, but
" leave us the hearts of our princes. A
" chariot waits you, and a convoy ſuf-
" ficient both to defend you from your
" enemies and the prince Doroſmanus."
" Ah! traitor!" cry'd I, at that name,
" did he but know thy inſolence, what
" chaſtiſement might'ſt thou not expect!"

" Thomays liſten'd to me no longer,
" but forced me away, without letting
" me take leave of Doroſmanus, or the
" princeſſes; and in that fatal chariot,
" where I was put with two maids, I
" went out of Sogethuſa, and afterwards
" the kingdom of Dacia. One of my
" guards being moved at my tears, in-
" formed me that the prince was kept
" under confinement to favour his father's
" deſigns, and that their orders were to
" ſell me as a ſlave to the firſt nation
" that would buy me. I had ſunk under

" ſuch

" ſuch loads of grief, had not the com-
" paſſionate cares of a maid who ſerved
" me, prevented it. The head of my
" convoy, a worthy creature of Thomays,
" treated me with an inhuman indignity.
" Being arrived, at length, Madam, to
" the frontiers of Italy, I was ſold, ac-
" cording to the order of Deceballus, to
" a Roman officer, who preſented me to
" the empreſs. My ſervitude laſted but
" a ſmall time, her goodneſs ſet me free:
" But what uſe ſhall I make of my
" liberty? I am unacquainted with the
" preſent proceedings of Deceballus, and
" thoughts of Doroſmanus, whether he
" ſtill lives, or loves me. Theſe, Madam,
" are my adventures, by which you may
" judge what freedom I have to diſpoſe
" of my heart."

Julia being moved with the princeſs Ariſmena's diſcourſe, paid her the reſpects due to a king's daughter, embraced her ſeveral times, and promiſed to do her what ſervice ſhe could with the emperor; aſſuring her, that ſhe would not divulge her ſecret till Livia was informed of it.

Agrippa and Ovid heard it with aſtoniſhment, and the latter was too generous to exact any thing from Ariſmena that would add to her grief. He now entertains her with the prince of Dacia only, and by that virtuous conduct extremely heightened the eſteem ſhe had for him.

The empreſs ſtill loved Ovid, and ſaw Auguſtus openly apply himſelf to Terentia, without the leaſt reſentment, ſatisfied in ſharing with him the honours of the empire, and did not much trouble her head about his fidelity: But ſhe had not the ſame indifference for the gallantries of her lover; and though the report of his inconſtancy ſeem'd a ſecure bulwark to defend her from ſcandal, yet ſince Eurilamia had fix'd his levity, ſhe obſerved a certain coldneſs which enraged the true paſſion that ſhe had for him. Theſe jealous fancies were followed with a thouſand reproaches; but the ſubtile Roman, who, with the art of pleaſing, poſſeſſed that of perſuading, put by thoſe ſtorms as well as he could.

"The

The flames of Agrippa encreaſed, amidſt an infinite number of diſquiets; Marcella, who loved Julius Antonius, ſon to Antony and Fulvia, before Auguſtus had given her to his favourite, could not diſengage her heart, yet lived with an admirable reſerve. Julia treated Agrippa with a complaiſant bounty, which ſo much augmented his paſſion, that not being able to ſtruggle with it any longer, he fell violently ill: The whole empire was concerned at this misfortune, but the emperor ſeem'd more ſenſible of it than any other; the phyſician's art was vainly invoked; remedies applied to the body could not cure the mind; and Auguſtus loſt his repoſe, fearing he ſhould loſe the man who was deareſt to him in the world.

He was one day by his bed-ſide when the princeſs Julia came in, conducted by Julius Antonius, who was glad to embrace the opportunity of ſeeing Marcella, having for ſome time been deprived of that pleaſure by the trouble that houſe was in. The ſight of Julia wrought ſuch

an effect upon the ſick prince, that it was feared he was going to expire. Auguſtus had had ſome ſuſpicions of his favourite's amour, and when he could ſpeak, the company being retired, he tore this ſecret from his breaſt. As he would have fix'd upon him for Julia, had it not been for Marcellus's engagements, rather than any other, ſo ſhould he not have waver'd in his choice ſince her being a widow, had his condition been as free as her's. The way of divorce, indeed, was uſual at Rome, but every thing raiſed Marcella above that reproach; and Agrippa himſelf, as amorous as he was, oppoſed it: But Auguſtus, knowing the princeſs had loved Julius Antonius, and ſubmitted to her mother's will more out of virtue than inclination, reſolved upon an action worthy of his equity, viz. to make the happineſs of ſeveral illuſtrious perſons who wanted it.

The princeſs Octavia, who could not, without grief, obſerve the uneaſineſs of Julius Antonius, whom ſhe loved like a ſon, and who might worthily repair the

the loſs of Marcellus, much applauded Cæſar's deſign, and conſented to the breaking off one unhappy match, in order to make up two that were ardently wiſhed for. The emperor being overjoy'd at that diſpoſition, calm'd all Agrippa's troubles by the promiſe of Julia. The divorce was publiſh'd, Auguſtus's favourite recover'd, Marcella and he parted very handſomely, and made mutual proteſtations of an eternal friendſhip. That beautiful and wiſe princeſs was given to the paſſionate Antonius, and the lively Julia added pleaſant conditions to her new engagements. " Agrippa," ſaid ſhe, to that tranſported lover, " I do not only " receive without repugnance, but even " with pleaſure, the emperor's commands, " but I bar all ſuſpicions and tyrannies; " the jealouſy of Marcellus over-awed me; " pray have no thoughts of following " his example, if you would pleaſe me, " and have me look upon you without " peeviſhneſs. I love to appear amiable, it " is in vain to deny it; but ſeriouſly proteſt " I aim at no tribute but that of the eyes. " When therefore you obſerve any fix'd

" upon

" upon me, never bring me a ſour face " and teizing reproaches, which would " not mend the matter; leave me only " my free humour, and then be aſſured " we ſhall both be very happy." The paſſionate Agrippa, finding a thouſand charms in this freedom, proteſted he would ever be her ſlave, and never man ſeemed more truly ſo: He married Julia in the view of all Rome, and the wedding of Julius Antonius with Marcella, filled the houſe of Octavia with joy and ſatisfaction.

Tiberius, who had aſpired and pretended to Julia, was incenſed againſt that princeſs, and ſought for conſolation in war.

If Agrippa was well ſatisfied, Julius Antonius was ſtill more ſo than he, knowing the ſtrict virtue of Marcella, who lived ſo prudently with her firſt huſband. As for Julia, ſhe wandered at the old rate, but having prepared Agrippa for that conduct, ſhe was not very uneaſy at it.

Ariſmena

Ariſmena and Ovid took a ſhare in the felicity of theſe ſatisfied perſons; but the heart of one was full of Doroſmanus, and the other could not forbear loving her. The intolerable reſtraint he lay under, gave him ſuch a diſtaſte to the empreſs, that he avoided her preſence, and ſought other remedies for his ſufferings.

On the race day, which followed the wedding of Agrippa, he happened to be placed ſo near Terentia, that he could lean upon the back of her chair: He was obſerved to be graver than uſual, but not without a mixture of gaiety, which made him ſay abundance of things very agreeable to the wife of Mæcenas. The diverſion which he afforded her, made her ſeem fairer in the eyes of Auguſtus. Livia not having, till then, feared any but Julia, could not, without anger, bear the laughing air of Terentia, nor the attention which ſhe gave to Ovid's diſcourſe: She imagined that that inſinuating woman, after having robbed her of the tendereſt part in her huſband's heart, would probably tear her lover's away, too, and at firſt felt all the pangs

of

of jealouſy; but this ſecret impatience did not reſtore Ovid, who endeavoured to find out ſome eaſy fortune that might atone for the difficulties he met with in Eurilamia; and not conſulting prudence ſo much as his voluptuous temper, he inſenſibly accuſtomed himſelf to follow Terentia, who, together with a compleat beauty, had a wit full of graces and ſweetneſs. The declared love of Cæſar permitted no concurrence; but Apollo's favourite had recourſe to the Muſes, and made no ſmall progreſs with their refined and delicate language. Mæcenas being an admirer of great men, and particularly thoſe who were remarkable for learning, was not diſturbed at Ovid's complaiſance to Terentia, who ſaid a thouſand advantageous things of him to Cæſar. The empreſs ſeeing all, without being perceived, was ſo highly incenſed at the infidelity of Ovid, that ſhe vowed his ruin, was it only to repair the ſhame of being abandoned by a man to whom ſhe had been prodigally laviſh of her favours. She was naturally proud, revengeful, and void of pity, when offended. It fell

out

out happily for Eurilamia, that ſhe came not to the knowledge of Ovid's paſſion for her, ſo that all her fury was levelled at Terentia.

All the ſubtilty which Ovid put in practice to avoid the empreſs, could not prevent his meeting with her ſometimes; and his actions were then ſo luke-warm, that an enflam'd and betray'd heart could not bear it; but Livia diſſembled her reſentment, that ſhe might the better take revenge, and affected a tranquility which left no remainder of prudence in Ovid, but hurry'd him on to ſome actions diſpleaſing to the emperor. Terentia was of a complexion not to be offended at any of her admirers: It is true, Auguſtus had the advantage of him in dignity and ſeveral years application; but Ovid, beſides a thouſand other lovely qualities, poſſeſſed the talent of drawing love to the life, and of ſetting leſſons to the moſt learned in that myſtery. Things went on ſo far, that Terentia appeared not at the temple, at the walks, in formal viſits, nor ſcarce at her meals, without Ovid.

Auguſtus

Auguſtus ſeem'd diſcontented at their proceedings, which being perceived by the inſinuating empreſs, ſhe took ſecret meaſures to foment his ſuſpicions.

She had taken notice, more than once, of the great diſcretion of Eurilamia; for that wiſe and beautiful princeſs, without approving of her weakneſs, endeavoured to hide it. Livia, therefore, in her tranſports of grief and anger, diſcovered her reſentment againſt Ovid; and though Eurilamia durſt not juſtify him, ſhe had ſome thoughts at leaſt to advertiſe him of it; it was a nice affair; but Ovid being an honeſt man, ſhe concluded there could be no hazard in ſpeaking plainly to him; neither did ſhe conceal the ſtorm which his indifference had raiſed: but, at that very moment, it was breaking out another way; for Auguſtus, wounded through a tender part in the perſon of Terentia, and, by the induſtry of Livia, grown mortally jealous, condemn'd Ovid to baniſhment, and commiſſioned Agrippa, who vainly combated that reſolution, to carry the ſentence. Ovid learnt his diſgrace like a

true Roman. "I aſſure you, my lord," ſaid he, to Agrippa, "that I have a much "greater ſenſe of your goodneſs, than the "rigour of Auguſtus; after my late con-"feſſions, I leave you to judge whether "I can with eaſe or ſafety continue at "Rome. Livia is weak, but withal "very haughty; I ſhall remove without "repugnance, ſince I leave you happy; "and who knows," added he, ſmiling, "but I may find out the art of taming "the wildneſs of ſome fair Scythians, "and ſo make their frozen climate agree-"able to me." Agrippa, who was much concerned at the departure of a man, who was the joy and delight of Rome, tenderly embraced him, gave him aſſurances of an eternal friendſhip, and offered him the aſſiſtance of his fortune; but that of Ovid's was too conſiderable to let him ever want. Nothing went ſo near him as parting from Eurilamia, and ſhe herſelf regretted his leaving Rome. The people murmured at the proceeding of Auguſtus, but proud Livia triumphed, and felt no remorſe for the loſs of a lover who had deceived her. Terentia was one

of

of thoſe who bewailed Ovid the moſt. With the eſteem of worthy men, he carry'd both pleaſures and amours from Rome, which ſeem'd very flat after his departure. The vulgar attributed his baniſhment to a private intelligence with Julia; few diving into the myſtery of his intrigue with the empreſs, who afterwards made it her whole buſineſs to build up her ſon's fortune, and at length raiſed Tiberius to the imperial throne, by bringing about his marriage with Julia, after the death of Agrippa.

A little after the departure of Ovid, they received intelligence of the death of Deceballus. Julia having a tender concern for Ariſmena, took no ſmall ſhare in that news. And one day, as Agrippa was going out of the Capitol, he found a ſtranger of a very graceful mien expoſed to the inſolence of ſeveral Roman ſoldiers; he ſoon put a ſtop (being a man of great power all over the empire) to that unequal combat, ſent the mutineers to priſon, and carry'd the ſtranger to his own houſe; where diſcourſing more

freely

freely together, he found it was the prince Doroſmanus whom he had reſcued. Julia would needs declare that great happineſs to Eurilamia, whoſe birth being made known, ſhe met with a ſuitable behaviour from the emperor and empreſs. Doroſmanus made ſeveral proteſtations of the continuance of his love, gave her an account of his fortune, and never did any rencounter produce more happy effects. The king of Dacia married Ariſmena at Rome, and then carried her to reign in Dacia. She there found again Ibicilla and Atalanta, who received her like one that was extreme dear to them, and were but little concerned for the death of the unjuſt Deceballus. Thus Ariſmena arrived to the very height of her wiſhes, being married by a prince who adored her, and put a happy period to all her misfortunes. Ovid remained in exile, and Livia lived too long for the benefit of Rome, ſince her artifices, with the weakneſs of Auguſtus, occaſioned the empire to ſlip into the hands of Tiberius, who was indeed

maſter of ſome great qualities, but clouded with a thouſand vices, which broke out during his reign, and were conſpicuous to the eyes of all the world.

JULIA

JULIA FARNESA, *under* ALEXANDER the Sixth, *Pope of* Rome.

CUPID burſts the ſtrongeſt bars aſunder: All conditions of life, age, philoſophy, religion, the ſoundeſt reaſon, and the moſt exact circumſpection, are ſometimes caught in his ſnares. He overcomes heroes, creeps through the grates of recluſes, reaches the very bottom of grottos, forces open the cloſets of the wiſe; nay, the crown itſelf cannot ſecure a heart from his darts, which are often aimed at the very purple of the church. And though all the avenues of the Vatican ought to be ſhut againſt the leaſt appearance of gallantry, yet it is to be met with amongſt holy water and ſacred torches, as well as in other places; neither is that court void of ambition, artifice, or any other irregular paſſion; there wantonneſs rides in triumph; all vices

wheel about in a perpetual circle; and he who believes that he is impowered to pardon whom he pleaſes, cannot but believe that he hath likewiſe the privilege to do what he chuſes.

It is not to blacken the papal dignity by an outrageous ſlander, if the weakneſs of ſome of the popes are expoſed; ſeveral faithful authors, who have tranſmitted their words and deeds to poſterity, can teſtify the truth of what we ſay: But, after all, theſe men are not angels; and the vaſt authority which ſubjects, kings and kingdoms give to them, doth not ſtrip them of human frailties.

Alexander the Sixth was one of thoſe who gave himſelf moſt up to the pleaſures of a luxuriant idleneſs: the prevailing divinity of the ſacred palace and its college.

He was born of noble and rich parents, in the kingdom of Valence, in Spain: His true name was Roderick Lenzole, but he took that of Borgia, and was finally

finally called Alexander, at his coming to the popedom. Calixtus the Third, his mother's brother, created him cardinal, A. D. 1455, and gave him the archbiſhopric of Valence: With theſe advantages he appeared at Rome with a magnificence ſuitable to his vanity; and was leſs induſtrious to ſignalize himſelf by good examples, than to lead away innocent youth.

When he was riſing in the world, he fell in love with Vanoza, a Roman lady, wife to Dominick Arimano; and, as the cuſtom of libertiniſm was grown too great in Italy, to be reſtrained by a neceſſary ſeverity, Cardinal Borgia's intrigue with the beautiful Vanoſa, proved ſo gallant and conſtant, that it produced four ſons and one daughter.

As prelates were not aſhamed to appear fathers, and indulge all the impulſes of nature, Roderick Borgia educated his children with all the care which they might have expected from a lawful birth; one of them died young, the reſt lived; and

fortune befriending that beautiful family, was preſent at the election of cardinal Borgia, who in time was choſen pope. He made his eldeſt ſon, duke of Gaudia; the youngeſt, prince of Sicily; and the ſecond took a cardinal's hat, with the name of Cæſar; but not liking an eccleſiaſtic life, he renounced it, and married a perſon of the houſe of Albret, in France, which made him duke of Valentinois.

As for Lucretia, the pope's daughter, ſhe married three princes in a very little time; the firſt was John Sforza, duke of Placentia, who divorced her; the ſecond, Louis, natural ſon to Alphonſo, king of Arragon, who was killed; and the laſt, Alphonſo of Eſt, duke of Ferrara; ſhe was then but twenty-two years of age, and extreme handſome.

The pope, who dearly loved her, made a prodigious expence at her laſt wedding; during which, there was full liberty granted to Rome. The palace of the Vatican abounded with diverſions, gallantries,

lantries, and ſplendid feaſts; nothing being baniſhed from thence but piety.

Since the duke of Ferrara married as much for love as intereſt, he was not obſerved to be either cloudy or negligent, on his wedding-day. The duke of Gaudia, the prince of Sicily, the duke of Valentinois and his wife, paid no ſmall honour to it, by their expences. His Holineſs's guard was compoſed of a legion of red caps; the inferior prelates found room, alſo; the moſt conſiderable princes of Italy, and a great number of knights and noble Romans, were worth obſervation; but the beauty of ſeveral young people was more ornamental than any thing elſe.

Amongſt theſe, Julia Farneſa, daughter to Peter Louis Farneſa, ſparkled in an extraordinary manner; ſhe had the majeſty of the ancient Romans, and the gallant air of the modern; in her were aſſembled the greateſt charms of Italian beauty; ſhe was twenty years old, and had then created a thouſand lovers. Her

quality and fortune put her in a condition to make a fine figure, and being particularly intimate with the ducheſſes of Ferrara and Valentinois, they made her one of the firſt invitations to the ſpectacles at the Vatican.

Alexander Farneſa, Julia's brother, was one of the handſomeſt men in Italy; ſtudy and converſation had much improved his parts, and his natural temper inclining him to repoſe, he endeavoured to make his fortune by the poſſeſſion of benefices, and, without waiting long, met with ſome very conſiderable.

He perceived his ſiſter's beauty as well as others, and would ſometimes tell her, by way of raillery, that it might ſerve him as a ſtep to aſcend the pontifical throne. "Should you not be afraid of "falling," anſwered ſhe, one day, "if "that great fortune ſhould be procured "by ſuch ſhameful means. I know not "what is allotted for you, but I dare "ſwear that you will never be pope at the

"expence

" expence of my conſcience and reputa-
" tion."

It is certain Alexander Farneſa could not be more ambitious than Julia was wiſe and modeſt, ſince ſhe would not have made a falſe ſtep for the empire of the world. She was paſſionately beloved by Valerius de Corneto, an illuſtrious, young, handſome, rich, and generous knight, not unworthy of a tenderneſs which ſhe had not refuſed him.

They both made preparations againſt the duke of Ferrara's nuptials; and Valerius was one of the chief at the tournaments, where his activity and good mien were advantageouſly taken notice of: Julia rejoiced to hear him admired; but love had that day ordained for her another captive.

Her eyes being full of graces, and armed with a thouſand darts, wounded the very heart of Alexander the Sixth, under his triple throne; and though the infirmity of his body did but ill agree with the impe-

impetuoſity of his deſires, yet he was ſo much charmed with the beauty of Julia, that he forgot his years, and no longer felt the chilneſs of old age: He ſaw her dance, heard her ſpeak, and there needed not ſo much to enflame him.

Julia, who neither foreſaw nor coveted that effect of her beauty, employed her thoughts quite another way, and looked no otherwiſe upon the pope, than with that veneration which we ought to have for him who is ſuppoſed to keep the keys of heaven, and can admit or forbid entrance therein at pleaſure.

The eyes of Alexander Farneſa were more open; for he having undergone ſeveral amorous trials himſelf, did eaſily perceive that the old pope had ſtill young deſires; this diſcovery gave him a ſecret joy, not deſpairing of coming to be, by that means, the favourite of the pope.

As Julia had no mother, ſhe lived under the government of Emilia Farneſa, her father's ſiſter, who had but one daughter,

named

named Hortenſia, with whom Julia had contracted a ſtrict friendſhip; this lady, who was handſome, and of the moſt agreeable temper, was almoſt as quick-ſighted as Alexander Farneſa; ſhe obſerved the pope's thoughtfulneſs, heard his ſighs, which ſavoured nothing of his age, and the numberleſs compliments which he made to Julia; theſe promiſed her a fund of mirth, when ſhe ſhould be retired with her lovely friend.

It is certain, Julia bore away the glory from all the aſſembly; and Hortenſia, who loved her, was not jealous of it; ſhe began to teize her when they were got to Farneſa's palace, with a charming grace: "Dear Julia," ſaid ſhe, "I be-"gin to be horribly afraid for you; you "have kindled ſuch a fire in the Vatican, "that the pope will ſcarce ever pardon "you, unleſs you find yourſelf diſpoſed "to extinguiſh it."

Julia, not being able to comprehend this diſcourſe, looked upon Hortenſia, laughing; and rubbing her eyes, which

grew

grew heavy with ſleep, " Do you pro-
" poſe a riddle to hinder me from ſleep-
" ing," ſaid ſhe; " if that is your de-
" ſign, know, that I ſhall not trouble my
" head about it at this time of night,
" ſo muſt deſire you to defer your fool-
" eries till to-morrow, if you would have
" me hear them." " Till to-morrow,"
purſued Hortenſia, " ah! that is too
" long; and though you ſhould not ſleep
" at all, I muſt this very minute inform
" you what a miracle your beauty hath
" wrought to-day: Hitherto, it only cap-
" tivated princes and knights, but it hath
" now enſlaved him who claims the power
" of binding both in heaven and earth."
" Really, Hortenſia," replied Julia, laugh-
ing very heartily, " you have loſt more
" than I have got; you was miſtreſs of
" reaſon when you went out, but you come
" back without any at all." " I am very
" ſure," anſwered Hortenſia, " that I
" have ſtill more than the pope, who
" is, at this very inſtant, drowned in an
" ocean of extravagance." " Ah! how
" you abound in fine expreſſions, couſin,"
purſued Julia, in an agreeable manner;

" and

" and what an eaſy matter would it be " for you, at preſent, to compoſe ſatires." " Extraordinary things require uncommon " expreſſions," replied Hortenſia; but " there is nothing ſatirical in what I " vouch for a truth." " I ſee you are " as much diſpoſed to prate as I am to " ſleep," continued Julia, " and I could, " for my repoſe, wiſh you with the pope, " whom, I believe, you are in love with, " you talk of him ſo much." " It is " not altogether ſo ſtrange if he is ſo with " you," purſued Hortenſia; " but if you " would have me let you ſleep, pray pro- " miſe me half the indulgences the holy " father will pay you as a tribute, for " we may traffic with them, and by that " means gather more riches than ever " belonged to the houſe of Farneſa." " Indeed, Hortenſia," replied Julia, with a very grave countenance, " you grow " prophane, and will be obliged, for the " eaſe of your conſcience, to go to con- " feſſion for this diſcourſe." " To con- " feſſion," anſwered Hortenſia; I'll aſſure " you it ſhall only be to you, then, here- " after; ſince I doubt not but to ſee you,

" in

" in a little time, as much miſtreſs of " St. Peter's keys, as you are already of " his ſucceſſor's heart." Julia would not anſwer her any longer, ſo they went to bed, and paſſed the night much more quietly than the pope, who abſolutely loſt his repoſe.

Riſing late, they made what haſte they could to be dreſſed, becauſe they were to dine with the ducheſs of Ferrara; while they were thus employed, Alexander Farneſa (taking the privilege of a near relation) came in with joy in his eyes, and laughter in his face, proceeding from the ſatisfaction of his heart: " Siſ- " ter," ſaid he, to Julia, " I have juſt " received a glorious meſſage from the " chief ſecretary of the holy office, ſince " it imports no leſs than the pope's giving " me a cardinal's hat, after naming me " biſhop of Oſtia." " That is better " than the indulgences I was wiſhing for " yeſterday," ſaid Hortenſia, very plea- " ſantly, " and I believe your eminence " is too judicious not to prefer the dig-

" nities

" nities of the ſacred college before the " trifles of the church.

Julia's ſurprize was at firſt ſo great, that ſhe was not able to anſwer her brother for ſome time. " Are you biſhop " of Oſtia, and a cardinal?" ſaid ſhe, " at " length; Can it be poſſible, that what " coſts others ſo much, ſhould coſt you " ſo little?" " I thought myſelf yeſterday " ſo far from theſe honours," replied Farneſa, " that I wonder at it as much as " you; and his Holineſs's reaſons cannot " be ſlight, ſince he confers two ſuch " favours upon me at once." " It is not " the pope confers them upon you," added Hortenſia, laughing: " It is his love; " and you are clear-ſighted enough to " find out that as well as me: But who- " ever you are obliged to for theſe ad- " vantages, it is ſufficient that you deſerve, " and ought to enjoy them." " Ah! Hortenſia," cry'd the new cardinal, laughing, too, " you muſt needs be quick of " apprehenſion to diſtinguiſh love in ſuch " a chaos as the Vatican." " One muſt " be without eyes and reaſon," added

Hortenſia,

Hortenſia, " not to ſee how much the " pope loves Julia, and to what degree " the cardinal of Farneſa is charmed with " the ducheſs of Valentinois."

Farneſa bluſhed at theſe laſt words, and Julia perceiving his diſorder, changed the diſcourſe, telling him it was time to pay his thanks to the pope. He went out immediately after. Hortenſia triumphed over Julia, who could not diſown but the rapid motion of her brother's fortune had ſomething in it very incomprehenſible: " But you put him " out of countenance," added ſhe; and " did I not know him to be more am- " bitious than amorous, I ſhould conclude " that he was in love with the ducheſs of " Valentinois." " He is inclinable to " both," anſwered Hortenſia; " and you " may ſafely believe he is enſlaved with " a beauty; his eyes follow every where, " without fearing to make a wrong judg- " ment."

They were no ſooner dreſſed, but in came Valerius, at which Julia, not expecting

pecting him, could not forbear bluſhing; "Madam," ſaid he, "I come from the "Vatican, where nothing is diſcourſed of "but you. The pope entertains the am-"baſſadors with no other ſubject; talks "of nothing elſe to the cardinals; and "if his heart is as much enflamed with "love, as his eyes are with fire, when "he pronounces your name, thoſe that "aſpire to the honour of ſerving you, "cannot but look upon him as a rival." "If I did not know you very well," replied Julia, "I ſhould think you had "a mind to divert yourſelf at my ex-"pence; but not to do you that groſs "injury, I ſhall only puniſh the liberty "you have taken, by leaving you, to go "to the ducheſs of Ferrara." "I am "as certain that the pope will follow you "thither," anſwered Valerius, "as you "ought to be of the reſpect and paſſion "which I have for you." At theſe words he preſented his hand, to put her into the coach with Hortenſia.

Though the ducheſs of Ferrara's court was already very great, nothing had as

yet appeared ſo fine in it as Julia; but ſcarce had ſhe taken her place, when the pope came in, leaning upon cardinal Farneſa and Valencius, who had, till that time, been his only favourite.

The arrival of his Holineſs diſperſed a great part of the croud, ſo that the ladies were left almoſt alone. The pope gallantly told them, that he would divert them at the Vatican with a very pleaſant hunting match. The ducheſs of Ferrara kept them to dinner, and Julia making her obſervations upon the pope, did no longer doubt the truth of what Hortenſia told her; at which ſhe was not a little grieved. The holy father, being favoured by the cardinal Farneſa, met with an opportunity of approaching Julia: "May "I preſume," ſaid he, very ſoftly, "to "call you to an account for the repoſe of "which you have robbed me? And enquire "how you deſign to uſe a heart that "ſeems to be exempted from ſufferings, "yet, nevertheleſs, ſubmits to the empire "of your beauty! Alas! Madam, if it is "not attended with ſome pity, what will

"become

" become of your captives?" Theſe words, pronounced with a paſſionate air, were not altogether void of charms, though coming from a decrepid age. Julia was now convinced of having made this rare conqueſt, and Hortenſia's eyes meeting with her's at that moment, ſhe could not help bluſhing ſo violently, that all the company perceived it. The pope, in the mean time, expected an anſwer, and ſhe was extremely puzzled how to come off, having never ſtudied the terms proper to be uſed upon that occaſion. " Though " the ſins I have committed may be very " great," replied ſhe, " your Holineſs " impoſes no ſlight penance upon me, " in forcing me, by an indiſpenſible re- " ſpect, to bear a piece of raillery ſo " contrary to my temper." " Have no " recourſe to evaſions, to prevent making " a direct anſwer," purſued the pope; " there is but too much truth in what " I ſay; were not my ſufferings intolera- " ble, I ſhould not complain of them " ſo ſoon: I love, or, rather, adore you; " and though every thing forbids me to " hope, nothing is capable of ſhutting

" my mouth. I know it is difficult for " the greateſt beauty in the univerſe to " be moved with compaſſion for a man " of my age; but this man is of no " common repute, nor in mean circum- " ſtances; and hath, moreover, a larger " ſtock of tenderneſs than any other per- " haps ever had. After all, the charms " of love do not wholly conſiſt in an " outſide; and to know how to love " perfectly well, ſhould, methinks, be " ſufficient to prevent one's being hated." " I proteſt," anſwered Julia, " that I can- " not ſo much as look upon your Holi- " neſs without trembling: Do you reflect " upon the exaltation that raiſes you ſo " much above all the monarchs of the " world; that unlimited power which you " have over ſouls; thoſe ſovereign keys " which open and ſhut not only the empires " of the earth, but the kingdom of hea- " ven? Good God! what an equipage " here would be to embark upon a gallant " intrigue; where the prieſtly habits, the " venerable tiara, and all the glorious " pomp of the miniſter of the living God, " are ſanctified to the very ſlipper! Ah!

" St.

" St. Peter, theſe conſiderations are enough " to fright away young Cupids, which, " upon the leaſt noiſe, take their flight " like timorous birds. . . ." " And theſe " are the very things," interrupted the pontiff, " wherein lies the ſecurity of an " amorous correſpondence: for an ardent " love may find ſhelter under theſe ſingular " ornaments and pompous ſhews, and eaſily " cultivate. . . ." " That love, then, interrupted Julia, with ſome fierceneſs, " is wholly unknown to me; and, to " avoid it, I ſhould prefer living in an old " niche of the amphitheatre, to the ſtate- " lieſt apartment in the Vatican." " You " are not yet accuſtomed to ſee and un- " derſtand," replied the holy man; " I " muſt make it take a figure that will " not appear ſo frightful: In the mean " time," added he, with a pleaſant air, " I create cardinal Farneſa my legate, to " take notice of, and regulate whatever " paſſes in your heart."

The pope had ſtill ſo much reaſon left, as to comprehend that a longer converſation might be attributed to its true cauſe.

He left Julia, looking amorouſly upon her, and made her a bow at parting, that ſavoured more of the comedian, than the ſovereign paſtor of the viſible church.

Though it was late, they ſpake of nothing leſs than devotion at the Vatican; and all that numerous company being in great expectation of the fine hunting match after dinner, they had that diverſion, which was invented by, and ſuitable to the capacity of the pope. The actors were ſeveral little Italian dogs, and ſome famiſhed hares, which made work for the gardeners: But Cæſar Borgia treated them all that evening with an opera; and the pope, who ſaw every day one of Plautus's comedies, made no ſcruple of being a ſpectator with the reſt.

All the court congratulated Farneſa's new honours; it was obſerved that he had always free acceſs to the pope, and that growing favour was quickly envied.

Valerius being too well acquainted with Julia's wiſdom and nicety, to fear the effects

effects of a ſuperannuated gallantry, had no thoughts of growing jealous, and was only concerned for the uneaſineſs which this adventure would infallibly bring upon his miſtreſs; he obſerved it in her looks, but withal ſaw ſuch a languor in her eyes, as aſſured him of her fidelity.

That day being finiſhed, Hortenſia at length ſaw herſelf at liberty to entertain Julia. "Well!" ſaid ſhe, "was I de-"ceived? And are you not already half "a ſaint, now his Holineſs is willing to "ſhare all things with you." "Ah! "Hortenſia," replied Julia, "do not let "us make a jeſt any longer, I conjure "you, of an event that threatens me with "mortal diſpleaſure: Not that I would "have you imagine that I fear the pope's "power, or that my heart, being capable "of a ſhameful weakneſs, can ever reliſh "a grey-hair'd amour, though ſurrounded "with all the magnificence in the world: "No; he that found the way to gain my "affections, doth ſo entirely poſſeſs my "ſoul, that it cannot bear a partner; but "I apprehend the poiſon of ſlander, which

" is the true plague of Rome; for the love
" of this old disturber of my repose, will be
" no sooner perceived, but it will be gene-
" rally concluded that I have dearly bought
" those honours which he hath conferred
" upon my brother: This thought pierces
" me with an unconceivable grief. He said
" all that could be said by a young lover;
" and even Valerius, in his transports,
" doth not express himself better."
" Well! answered Hortensia, e'en let him
" groan in his folly; and, to avoid the
" scandal you are so much afraid of, crown
" the respect and perseverance of Valerius
" with matrimony." " To avoid a danger-
" ous pit," replied Julia, " you shew me a
" way full of precipices: Is it decent for
" me to cry out I will be married? And
" supposing it should, where could I find
" a divine that would run the hazard of
" his sovereign's scourging fulminations,
" by engaging one of my rank without
" his consent: Besides, Hortensia, you
" do not argue judiciously; the pope,
" you know, cannot make me popess,
" and that worthy lover would not be
" afflicted at my being a wife, having a

" thousand

" thouſand ſure ways of making civil di-
" vorces by employments; and of parting
" married people without leaving them
" plauſible grounds of complaint: In ſhort,
" you ſee me in a ſtrange conſternation,
" and I can now lie awake as long as you
" pleaſe, without any force upon my in-
" clinations." " And for my part," an-
ſwered Hortenſia, " I am reſolved to take
" my turn of ſleeping, too; and think
" you are a fool if you break your reſt
" for a man who deſerves nothing but
" contempt." " But how fantaſtical is
" Cupid!" purſued Julia: " If he would
" needs make uſe of that little beauty which
" I am flattered with, are there not other
" men?" " I dare ſwear," added Hor-
tenſia, " that Valerius had rather have
" the pope his rival, than any of his
" ſubjects."

Thoſe two beautiful virgins paſſed that night with leſs tranquility than the preceding: The next day cardinal Farneſa came to her apartment earlier than uſual; and ſhe being in her cloſet, he went thither to her, that he might diſcourſe without wit-

witneſſes: "Siſter," ſaid he, "it is but "too ſure that the biſhopric of Oſtia and "the cardinal's hat are wholly owing to "your beauty. The pope, by a diſcovery "of his heart, hath convinced me to "what degree you poſſeſs it; and I do "not believe that ever paſſion was more "violent than his." "If any but your-"ſelf ſhould ſpeak to me after this man-"ner," replied Julia, with a very angry countenance, "I much queſtion whether "I could keep my temper: And, pray, "how did you anſwer this fine confidence; "and with what face could you bear an "attempt upon a ſiſter who hath never "hitherto made you bluſh?" "As a man "ought to anſwer the truſt a ſovereign "repoſes in his ſubject," replied the cardinal, coolly; "and I ſee no reaſon why "I ſhould incur his anger, by abuſing his "goodneſs: Is he the cauſe of the chains "you lay upon him? Is it not rather "an effect both of your deſtiny and his? "I am neither ſo baſe nor ſelfiſh to ſolicit "you to any thing unworthy of you: "but ſuppoſing you ſhould have a little "complaiſance for him, who is maſter of

"all,

" all, what diſhonour can that be? If you
" would arm yourſelf with the ſeverity
" of the firſt Roman ladies, it will ſtop
" all thoſe paths of the Vatican which
" would lead us to places, pleaſures. . . ."
" I had rather a thouſand times," inter-
rupted Julia, " open thoſe of death to
" us both, than be the inſtrument of a
" ſhameful fortune; and embrace the au-
" ſterities of a convent, than expoſe my-
" ſelf to the reproach that follows vicious
" actions." " But," anſwered the car-
dinal, " it would make Valerius deſpe-
" rate, to ſee the charms he ſo much
" adores confined to a monaſtery." " Va-
" lerius," purſued the provoked Julia,
" loves me with ſuch purity, as to ſub-
" mit his will to mine, and would ſacri-
" fice his very repoſe, if I deſired it."
" Methinks you put yourſelf into a paſ-
" ſion without occaſion," continued Far-
neſa; " you know I never oppoſed your
" inclinations for Valerius, not finding
" any amongſt the Romans who deſerves
" them better; but, dear ſiſter, I muſt
" beg one proof of your friendſhip, after
" which I promiſe to exact nothing more

" from

" from you as long as I live: I have af-
" ſured the pope that you will not refuſe
" him a private conference." " O God!
" brother," exclaims the impatient Julia,
" this is a moſt deteſtable deſign, and
" you quite forget yourſelf." " You are
" a ſtrange woman," added the cardinal;
" the pope will ſee you in a chamber
" where I ſhall be preſent, and only de-
" ſires that it may be at the caſtle of St.
" Angelo, to avoid the Argus's of the
" Vatican: I ſhall conduct you thither,
" and what need you fear with me?"
" Every thing," replied Julia, " were I
" not better aſſured of my own diſcretion
" than your's; but, to free myſelf from
" your importunities, I ſhall grant what
" you aſk, on condition, that after this
" breach of exact decency, which I make
" in favour of your vanity, you never
" repeat the ſame requeſt. Remember
" what I have told you ſeveral times,
" viz. That you ſhall never be pope at
" the expence of my honour and con-
" ſcience; and that the nobleneſs of our
" blood obliges us to fly from infamy.
" But ſhame is not the only thing I

" fear,

" fear, I likewiſe dread futurity: And " though I am born and bred a Romaniſt, " I cannot be impoſed upon with the in- " fallibility of the holy chair; for that " prerogative which ambition affixed to it, " is, in my opinion, ſo contrary to com- " mon ſenſe, as well as human powers, " that I cannot but admire, in that re- " ſpect, the malice or ſtupidity of men. " Pray, brother, is this amour of the pope's, " which you come to teize me about, " a divine inſpiration, or a work of cor- " ruption? Really, I muſt either accuſe " your reaſon, or condemn your hypo- " criſy." " Prepare for your viſit," replied the cardinal, laughing, " and let us " not enter into theſe knotty conſidera- " tions, to which the peeviſh humour you " are in would perhaps ſubject your wit; " but, above all, ſay nothing to Horten- " ſia." " That will be difficult, or ra- " ther impoſſible," replied Julia; " for, " knowing my very thoughts, ſhe would " be apt to imagine more than I can truſt " her with." " And Valerius being as " quick of apprehenſion as ſhe, will doubt-

" leſs

" leſs be admitted into the ſecret, too," added Farneſa.

The cardinal going out, Hortenſia took his place, and learnt at that very moment all his dialogue with Julia, and what that fair lady had engaged herſelf to: They were that day viſited by the ducheſſes of Ferrara and Valentinois; the pope would willingly have been with them, but did not think it proper to go in proceſſion to his miſtreſs; beſides, love always avoids witneſſes.

Night came at length, and the cardinal Farneſa conducted his ſiſter to the caſtle of St. Angelo: the pope was already at the rendezvous, without attendance. The caſtle ſeemed dark, which darkneſs was effected, to make it look the more myſterious. Julia being impatient to finiſh her taſk, led the cardinal ſuch a dance, that he told her, " he hoped her eager-" neſs was a good omen to the pope." " You ſhall judge of that preſently," replied Julia, " for I fully reſolve to make " you our confident." Having croſſed the court,

court, ſhe walked up ſtairs, and went into the chamber where his Holineſs was: But all Julia's anger could not prevent her ſolemnizing the ſurprize that the extraordinary figure of Alexander the Sixth put her into, by a fit of laughter, which laſted ſo long that it put him quite out of countenance.

As Julia, among other reaſons, had alledged the gravity of his habit, he thought it neceſſary to appear more ſhewy; and, to that effect, metamorphoſed the order of his dreſs in the moſt comical manner in the world.

He had a ſtraw-coloured doublet of perfumed leather, with long ſkirts, trimmed with ſilver footings; and ſcarlet breeches and caſſock, laced with the ſame: The flying garment, which he negligently wore upon his left ſhoulder, was lined with a brocaded green and ſilver: white leather buſkins accompanied a pair of green ſilk ſtockings, which turned down, and were rolled up with fine ſtarched linen: about his neck he wore a ruff, ſet

after

the Spaniſh faſhion, with ſeveral rounds of lace: Cuffs of the ſame appeared above a pair of perfumed gloves, embroidered down to the wriſts: The apoſtolic mitre gave place to a light curled peruke and little grey hat, adorned with a plume of white feathers and green ribband: To theſe numerous charms the holy father added a patch upon his cheek: By his ſide hung a long fencing foil, which did not a little encumber his legs; and in his hand he carried a cane, made very fine with ſeveral ſorts of ribbands. As the mournful Heraclitus himſelf could not certainly have looked upon this object without laughter, (though his fantaſtical philoſophy condemned him to weep eternally) ſo Julia Farneſa, who went to the caſtle of St. Angelo, in a very peeviſh, angry humour, laughed ſo heartily, and ſo continually, that ſhe thought ſhe ſhould never compoſe herſelf to gravity; for no ſooner did her riſible muſcles begin to relax, but the pope's aukward ſteps, fencing foil, patch, tottering bows, and the languiſhing and tender airs which he affected, ſtill gave her freſh provocation.

Cardinal

Cardinal Farneſa being much more compoſed, did nothing but make ſigns to his ſiſter to give over: At length, finding a book upon the table, which was probably laid there on purpoſe, he turned his back upon love, and buſied himſelf with reading, while the pope drew near the viſible divinity which had ſo transformed him, "I "am very glad, Madam," ſaid he, "to "find your mind is at liberty to be mer-"rily diſpoſed; for though I have none "but ſerious diſcourſes to entertain you "with, yet, ſince Cupid is a lover of "mirth, it is neceſſary you ſhould not "be too grave." Really," anſwered Julia, "if I was upon my mother's grave, the "figure which your Holineſs makes would "be enough to diſperſe all my grief: I do "not believe the holy chair ever ſaw the "like." "Becauſe they who poſſeſſed it, "were not always followed," replied the pope: "But, Madam, this dreſs, put on "merely to pleaſe, and make my love "more familiar to you, is not the thing "in queſtion; it is rather love itſelf which "comes to conjure the power it adores, "to have ſome ſenſe of pity. I confeſs,

" it is probable that you are too nice to find
" any thing taking in my perſon; but are
" there no charms in the undivided poſ-
" ſeſſion of a heart which the ſingularity
" of my condition ſets ſome value upon?
" And can you be ſo inhuman to inflict
" ſufferings upon him who is able to re-
" leaſe you from the miſeries of purga-
" tory, or multiply them out of revenge."
" If theſe threatnings are not more
" hurtful than dreadful," anſwered Julia,
" they will never be very formidable; and
" I think it is ſufficient that you have the
" power to make us do penance in this
" life, without extending it to the depths
" of the next." But if you add no faith
" to the univerſal authority of a ſovereign
" pontiff," purſued the pope, " your
" beauty is very heretical. Well! err, if
" you pleaſe, in point of religion, pro-
" vided you be favourable to my love. I
" die every moment; and am ſure, if my
" torments endure much longer, I muſt
" infallibly renounce either life or reaſon."
" I do not underſtand why you perſiſt in
" the indulgence of a weakneſs, which
" ought to be drowned in a river of holy
" water,"

" water," replied Julia; " for if it has the " virtue to extinguiſh fire, drive away evil " ſpirits, and put a ſtop to thunder; why " ſhould it not have the ſame power over " love? Methinks, the devil has a fine " time of it, while he hears the head of " the Roman church ſpeak a language ſo " contrary to the goſpel, and preach up " impurity, under the figure of a rope-" dancer, to a virgin. . . ." " Yes," interrupted the pope, " I do ſpeak to a " virgin, and to the moſt beautiful virgin " in the world, in my eye." " I ſhould " rejoice much more if you thought me " the wiſeſt," replied Julia, " that being " the only quality I aſpire to; you ſhould " rather employ your eloquence in public " diſcourſes, to reſtrain the irregularities " of the Romans, than to think of ſedu-" cing innocent ſouls. What can you " require of me, after all? Suppoſing our " inclinations did agree, could you marry " me? And ought any man in the world " to ſpeak to me of love, who is not in a " condition to receive the title of huſband? " You know my birth is very illuſtrious; " and, I do aſſure you, my ſentiments are

" too noble to belie it. Theſe are no " premeditated objections, but ſuch as " were born with me, and ſuch as you " cannot be ignorant of." " But, Ma- " dam," replied Alexander, " do you not " know, that what would be a crime in " common men, is but a trifle in me; " beſides, you may favour me with a ſafe " conſcience, but cannot make me mi- " ſerable without hazarding your ſalva- " tion." " I ſhall never be concerned for " my ſalvation," interrupted Julia, " as " long as I keep the road I am in: God " made hell for unclean and polluted ſouls " only; but mine, bleſſed be his goodneſs, " being of another ſtamp, will, I hope, " find a happier manſion." " Cruel Ju- " lia," anſwered the pope, " you have " ſtudied a barbarous morality, which I " beg of you not to put in practice; you " know the greatneſs of my paſſion, and " ought to ſet a higher value upon it; " conſider, there is no human fortune to " which I cannot raiſe you: Are you for " the treaſures of the Vatican and Church? " the leaſt of your favours would pur- " chaſe, and make a full retaliation for

" them

" them all." " How!" replied Julia, " Do you then add impiety to your " weakneſs! Reflect how dearly you " may pay for it, and that you will never " recover this diſorder in your brain, if " you give way to it: But this irrational " converſation has laſted long enough; I " wiſh you may perfectly recover your " reaſon; I am going to provide for the " ſecurity of mine."

The pope did what he could to prevent Julia's departure, but found it impoſſible to keep her any longer. " Julia is alto- " gether void of pity," ſaid he, to the cardinal, " and if you cannot ſoften her, " I know not what will become of me."

" Do you not quit me of every thing " for the future?" ſaid Julia, to her bro- ther, when they were out of the caſtle of St. Angelo. " I will excuſe you from the " like viſits," replied he, " but not from " liſtening to a man unhappy enough to " deſerve pity, whenever occaſion offers." " I believe that will not often happen, " being reſolved to take what care I ought

" to prevent it," replied Julia. Hortenſia expected her couſin with great impatience; they lock'd themſelves up, and the pleaſant account of the pope's maſquerade did not a little divert them; they ſpent two hours after this manner; and Julia agreed it was time to think of ſurrendering up herſelf in good earneſt to Valerius, who had a ſafe retreat at Venice, where the pope's juriſdiction doth not extend.

Several days ſlipt away without affording any thing extraordinary: Cardinal Farneſa was really in love with the ducheſs of Valentinois; her huſband, Cæſar Borgia, did not abound with charms; his air was haughty, and his humour imperious; he filled all Italy with injuſtice and marks of his cruelty; aſpiring to no leſs than the total ſubjection of it. Farneſa did not declare himſelf a lover, but was extremely complaiſant to, and as civilly uſed by the ducheſs of Valentinois, who often ſaw him when the ducheſs of Ferrara went to ſhew herſelf in her huſband's dominions: But there was nothing in that princeſs's

indul-

indulgence (though ſhe had no great love for her huſband) that could be called criminal.

All the circumſpections of love could not conceal its votaries, viz. the pope and ſeveral cardinals: A great number of lampoons were diſperſed about Rome, but none enraged the Vatican like this:

" Whole cohorts of Cupids are broke " looſe, and wound the ſtrongeſt hearts " with their impoiſon'd darts."

" Age, reaſon, and dignities, they are " all but trifles, ſince they can never reſiſt " their mortal ſtrokes."

" Charming idleneſs was ever their pro- " vince; they go in purſuit of luxuriant " children in all ages."

" Some with grey hairs croud in " amongſt infants, being as ſolicitous of " mirth and laughter as youth itſelf."

" You ſhall ſee one, though groaning " under an infirm nature, vigorouſly pur- " ſue an amorous adventure."

" Another, hurried on by a boiling " youth, to a thouſand irregularities, " which makes wiſdom repine."

" Some, not ſo violent, have recourſe " to artifice, looking for felicity in a " happy ſacrifice."

" The gods of antiquity often changed " their ſhape, when any rare beauty put " them to torment."

" If Jupiter turned bull for the ſake " of a miſtreſs, ſure a pope may turn calf, " when diſpoſed to make courtſhip."

" But, my libertine muſe, whither will " you carry me? Methinks I already hear " thy mutinous ſatire condemned."

" Hold your babbling, criticiſe in " ſilence, ſince you cannot, without dan- " ger, diſcover your thoughts."

This

This piece of raillery was handed to the pope, who was too directly pointed at not to know his own character: He could not comprehend how his journey to the caſtle of St. Angelo came to be diſcovered; not imagining that Farneſa or Julia would either of them boaſt of it; however, he diſſembled his reſentment, the better to conceal the ſhare he had in it: He lived, in the mean while, like one deſperate, being deprived of the ſight of the ſevere Julia, to whom, after a long ſtruggle with himſelf, he wrote this billet:

The VICAR OF GOD, *to* JULIA FARNESA.

"I Should not complain of my preſent "ſufferings, did not I find you diſpoſed "to overwhelm me with greater. Do "you imagine my conſtancy, Madam, is "proof againſt your eternal rigours, and "that I am incapable of deſpair, becauſe "in poſſeſſion of St. Peter's chair? Really "you have a copious theme to make your "name illuſtrious, by exerciſing your cru-

"elty

" elty upon a man who ſuffered him-
" ſelf to be conquered, without ſo much
" as calling in reaſon to his aſſiſtance.
" I ſhall not threaten you with ſacred
" rites, (ſo proper to terrify devout ſouls)
" ſeeing you are revolted againſt them;
" but I threaten you with your own
" remorſes, if you inhumanly cauſe the
" loſs of a lover, whom you might ſo
" eaſily preſerve by the help of your
" bounty."

Such was the pope's letter; cardinal Farneſa was the Mercury. At firſt, Julia refuſed to open it, but there was no reſiſting her brother's importunity; ſhe therefore read it, and returned this anſwer:

JULIA FARNESA, *to the Pope.*

" AS you are in no fear of purgatory,
" where you expect to be obeyed in
" the other world; and ſince, according
" to the principles of our religion, we
" muſt neceſſarily ſuffer before we can
" be

" be happy; your Holineſs cannot properly
" complain of ſuch a ſlight diſappoint-
" ment as that of being able to corrupt
" the innocence of a virgin, who could
" not bear the light without horror, was
" ſhe once deprived of virtue: and what-
" ever may be the conſequence of my
" pretended cruelty, I need not fear any
" remorſe, neither do I thank you for
" defending yourſelf ſo ill againſt thoſe
" weapons which I had no deſign to furniſh
" you with. I ſee it is in vain to urge what
" you are, while you indulge your errors;
" ſo rather chuſe to declare plainly the
" reſolutions I have taken to wiſh you an
" undiſturbed repoſe upon the apoſtolical
" throne, without contributing thereto any
" otherwiſe than by prayer."

Cardinal Farneſa murmured very much at this cool anſwer, but could not prevail with the modeſt Julia to make any alterations in it. The pope was ſo highly provoked, that he thought for ſome time that he had knock'd off his fetters; but his anger could not continue above two or three days,

days, at the end of which he found them as weighty as ever.

Julia, in the mean time, led a very diſcontented life; for the pope's amour being talked of at Rome much louder than ſhe could have wiſhed, did not a little alarm her virtue; ſhe reproached her brother a thouſand times with his ignoble complaiſance, which made her the fable of the company; and had carried her reſentment farther, had ſhe not feared that he would take his revenge, by falling upon Valerius, whom ſhe tenderly loved; for the pope's folly endeared him the more to her. The lampoon that was taken ſuch notice of, was by ſome attributed to this young gentleman, but none knew the truth beſides Julia, Hortenſia, and himſelf.

The pope was not unacquainted with Valerius's being the declared lover of Julia, and that in all probability he would marry her; and ſeeing a way open to revenge, by diſturbing two young people who ardently loved one another, he cruelly went about

about it, and did at leaſt promiſe himſelf the pleaſure of making her ſhed ſome tears, who put him to the expence of ſo many ſighs.

Valerius was nephew to cardinal Corneto, a prelate of an exemplary piety; who, obſerving in his nephew all the qualities requiſite in a fine gentleman, furniſhed him with enough to make a prodigious expence, and favoured his pretenſions to Julia Farneſa.

The vindictive pope had preſerved a particular kindneſs for all who belonged to the family of his miſtreſs Vanoza; and reſolved to provide a ſettlement for a niece of her's, whom ſhe recommended to his care upon her death-bed: It was to her he formed the deſign of marrying Valerius; and, upon that account, managed the cardinal Corneto both with benefits and aſſurances of a particular eſteem.

The court of Rome is not incorruptible; for though the cardinal had engaged his word to his nephew, he thought the

pope's

pope's command might diſpenſe with that; and ſpeaking to Valerius with the authority of a ſuperior, he provoked his reſpect and patience to the laſt degree. All the motives of infidelity alledged by old Corneto, were of no force; for the generoſity of Valerius being anſwerable to his tenderneſs, nothing was able to ſhake him.

Julia was not long ignorant after what manner the pope deſigned his revenge. "The concluſion of all their artifice," ſaid ſhe, to Hortenſia, "will be this: I "muſt e'en ſtep beyond the limits of that "modeſty which I have hitherto ſo ſtrictly "obſerved, by making the ſame propoſal to "Valerius which he hath an hundred times "offered himſelf, which is, to go along "with him in purſuit of ſome retreat that "may free us both from an odious ty-"ranny. I confeſs I have no remainder "of eſteem or affection for my brother; "the proofs he has lately given of his "ſordid temper, having plucked up that "affection by the roots, which the ties "of blood had once placed in my heart. "Should he ever come to be pope, what

"a rare

" a rare pilot will the apoſtolic veſſel be
" again ſupplied with! But, Hortenſia, what
" judgment can the heathen nations make
" of the monſtrous conduct of us Chri-
" ſtians? Juſt God! how vicious are our
" morals, and what prodigies our lives!
" Is this the religion which a holy auſterity
" made ſo venerable in the firſt ages? in
" which paſtors laboured only for their
" maſter's glory, and the ſafety of their
" flock; and all irregular paſſions lay
" chained ſo faſt in hell, as well as the
" ſuggeſtor of them, as if they were
" never to riſe up any more. Were the
" miniſters of the primitive church, whoſe
" piety extended to martyrdom, ever ob-
" ſerved to have ſuch a boundleſs vanity,
" and be ſo monſtrouſly luxurious as the
" corruption of the modern popes have
" connived at in the Roman clergy? Then
" pomp was not allowed of at the very
" altars, where all things were neat and
" plain; and devotion, though not ſo
" gaudy, ſeemed very noble and per-
" ſuaſive in its ſimplicity: Purity of heart
" was the true ſacrifice; they pray'd by
" the ſpirit, and the lives of the faithful

" was

" was a continual ſermon; but the devil's
" malice hath ſtrangely metamorphoſed
" all holy cuſtoms. What do they exact
" of us now more than chaplets, reliques,
" candles, images, and an hundred trin-
" kets of that nature, the neceſſary con-
" ſequence of a tyrannical confeſſion?
" much more proper to nouriſh vice, than
" correct it, and was never of divine in-
" ſtitution; yet theſe chimeras find em-
" ployment for the greateſt part of the
" earth; and, provided they pronounce
" a certain number of words, and burn
" incenſe to a canonized ſaint, they may
" ſin on with impunity: And we muſt
" ſtruggle as much with our reaſon to
" oblige it to dictate any thing to us,
" as if repoſe and tranquility had deprived
" it of its faculties." " There is ſo
" much equity in all you ſay," anſwered
Hortenſia, " that one muſt be void of
" ſenſe not to grant it: But our reflexions,
" dear couſin, will never reſtore innocence
" to the eccleſiaſtic government, where
" vice is ſo deeply rooted; and which the
" popes take as much care to improve,
" as if they derived it by lawful ſucceſſion

" from

" from one another. Alexander the Sixth " has laid in an inexhauſtible ſtock, of " which his poſterity is the fruit; and " Cæſar Borgia would not be ſo dear to " him, were he an honeſter man. But " what means that old dotard, cardinal " Corneto, by attempting to appear al- " ready both violent and unjuſt? Is it " to ſhew himſelf more worthy of the " holy ſeat?" Cardinal Corneto," interrupted Julia, " is both weak and timo- " rous:" " Rather ſay, ambitious and " covetous," purſued Hortenſia; " all be- " ing ſo of his dignity: the red cap was " only invented to cover the moſt in- " famous paſſions. . . ." As they were entertaining one another after this manner, in came Valerius; who, being tranſported with anger at his uncle, did not a little animate the converſation; and Julia was never ſo well convinced, as at that moment, to what degree he loved her: They made, before Hortenſia, a thouſand mutual proteſtations of fidelity; and, to divert their grief, Valerius made a propoſal of ſpending ſome hours in cardinal Aſcaigne's gardens, which were the fineſt

in Rome, and where, as he had been credibly informed, there would be a choice concert of both vocal and inſtrumental muſic. "I am ſo very fearful," ſaid Julia, "of meeting with any who belong to the "Vatican, that I would willingly be ex- "cuſed; the whole race of Borgia is "grown inſupportable to me; and I "would as much avoid the duke of Va- "lentinois, as the pope himſelf." "The "ducheſs is not odious to you," anſwered Valerius; "you will perhaps ſee her there, "and cardinal Farneſa; but as for Cæſar "Borgia, I dare engage for his abſence, "ſome couriers having arrived from "France, who will take up all his "time." Julia and Hortenſia were, at length, over-perſuaded, and Valerius waited upon them to cardinal Aſcaigne's palace, where they found very agreeable company.

The ducheſs of Valentinois came only attended with her women, and cardinal Farneſa a little after, who ſeemed extreme thoughtful all the time the muſic played, often rubbing his head, like one in pain; but

but he miſſed no opportunity of converſing with the ducheſs of Valentinois, and went out one of the firſt, without ſaying any thing to his ſiſter.

When the concert was over, Julia and Hortenſia walked about with ſeveral Roman ladies of their acquaintance, but night drawing on they retired home, where Valerius left them. They ſupped together; Cardinal Farneſa did not appear; and, as that often happened, Julia, at firſt, made no enquiries after him; but being uſed to ſee him every night at ſuch an hour, (which was paſt) ſhe, at length, aſked what was become of him: They informed her, that he returned a long time before night, and was gone ſick to bed: Julia, who was very punctual, and of a very good diſpoſition, did not think her reſentment ought to diſpenſe with viſiting her brother; and Hortenſia, not believing ſhe had any obligation to the ſame duty, ſpent that time in reading.

Cardinal Farneſa, not doubting but he ſhould ſee his ſiſter, impatiently expected

her. She asked what ailed him. "Seve-
"ral different distempers afflict me," re-
plied he, "the least of which is a violent
"pain in my head, accompanied with a
"fever." "You were tired with hear-
"ing the music so long, perhaps," an-
swered Julia. "No; I did not give such
"great attention to it," replied Farnesa;
"for you know my natural inclinations
"do not lead me that way; but, sister,
"to deal ingenuously with you, I will
"tell you the true cause of my illness:
"I find your contempt for his Holiness
"is so highly resented, that I am afraid
"not only my fortune, but your satis-
"faction, too, lies at stake: Will you
"do nothing for your own sake, nor
"grant a few favours which would cost
"you so little, and be so dearly bought?
"If your obstinate pride still makes you
"rebellious to your sovereign, you must
"resolve to renounce Valerius; for, be
"assured, that I shall not authorize any
"that is condemned by my master and
"benefactor. Besides, Julia! Are not such
"prejudicial scruples altogether unneces-
"sary? when the security of an eternal
"secrecy.

" ſecrecy. . . ." " I am ſo aſhamed of " the unworthy part you act," interrupted Julia, " that I could almoſt die for con- " fuſion. Indeed, you are deputed upon " a glorious embaſſy; and the ſeduction " of a ſiſter is an employment worthy " of your excellence. Though I did not " approve of your firſt perſecutions, yet I " bore them with patience; but do not " from thence infer that I ſhall proſtitute " myſelf for thoſe riches and honours which " you ſo greedily covet; to make perhaps " the ſame uſe of them as Alexander " the Sixth, and his predeceſſors; whoſe " irregular conduct will render them ſo " infamous, that the ages to come will " deteſt their memory. The diſcretion " and fidelity of Valerius lay an obli- " gation upon me to love him; but I " would never ſee him while I live, were " I to purchaſe that pleaſure with the " leaſt diſhonour. Oppoſe our happineſs " as much as you pleaſe; heaven's decrees " will be more powerful than your's: " However, I declare, without making " vows, which perhaps I ſhould but ill " obſerve, that I am reſolved to retire

" to a monaſtery, and there wait a change " in my fortune: I mean, till the pope " recovers his reaſon; till virtue converts " you; and this ſtorm be quite over. I " have nothing more to ſay after this, " only to wiſh you a quiet night, perfect " health, and better inſpiration." Having finiſhed theſe words, ſhe took her leave, in order to go out, but was prevented by a man who came from behind the bed, and whom ſhe ſoon diſcovered to be the pope. At that ſight, Julia darted a look full of indignation at her brother, abhorring the baſeneſs of his ſoul. " Ah! " weak man," ſaid ſhe to him, " how well " you deſerve thoſe misfortunes which you " dread! but you ſhall reap but little " benefit by this new artifice! What is " it you require of me," continued ſhe, " turning to the pope, " and what can " you expect from theſe extravagances, " ſo unbecoming the glory of your rank? " How! Doth the Maſter of Kings, the " Diſpoſer of Kingdoms, the Treaſurer of " Indulgences, the Diſpenſer of Pardons, " the Head of the Church, the Infallible " Guide, the Director of Paradiſe, the

" Door-

" Door-keeper of Heaven, the Vicar of " God; and, in a word, he who can " people paradiſe with ſaints of both " ſexes; doth he, I ſay, quit his crown; " his royal keys, which he pretends to " hold from the chief apoſtle; his purple; " his pontifical chair; his venerable ſlipper; " the ſacred ornament of public proceſ- " ſions; and traveſt himſelf like a player; " to perſecute an innocent maid, for not " loving vice; and threaten to exclude " her from ſalvation, becauſe ſhe will not " totally bid adieu to wiſdom?"

The pope, being prepared for this impetuous torrent of words, did not go about to reſiſt it; and ſeeing that Julia, who had expreſſed herſelf with great vehemence, was forced to hold her tongue that ſhe might take breath; " All the " injurious terms you make uſe of," ſaid he, " convinces me of your hatred, but " cannot leſſen my love. Alas! Can I help " the diſorders which your beauty produces? " And, becauſe I love, and am miſerable, " muſt you therefore look upon me as " a criminal? The more I ſacrifice to

" you, the leſs reaſon have you to deride
" and abhor me. I muſt confeſs, the
" name of your lover is dearer to me
" than all thoſe titles which make me
" venerable to the univerſe; and the diſ-
" guiſes you reproach me with, are ſuch
" natural effects of a paſſion that never
" had equal, that you cannot juſtly con-
" demn them. Finally, my too fair and
" too rigorous Julia, if I keep the keys of
" heaven, you keep thoſe of my life;
" if it is in my power to make ſaints,
" it is no leſs in your's to make martyrs;
" and if I have a right of depoſing kings,
" you have the art of metamorphoſing
" popes: The cauſe of my actions is too
" charming to make me bluſh; and were
" you to invent new rigours, I ſhould
" ever wear your chains. But, Madam,
" I muſt needs oppoſe that cruel retreat with
" which you threatened Cardinal Farneſa;
" for I cannot bear that the ſun ſhould be
" under an eclipſe, though its light dazzles
" my eyes. Valerius, the happy Vale-
" rius! ſhall not laugh at my torment;
" and though I ought to reſpect her I
" love, I am under no obligation to have

" the

" the ſame regard for a rival. Now you " have done what miſchief you can to " the Vatican, you avoid it! My perſon, " houſe, name, love, and every thing re- " lating to me, ſtrikes you with horror; " nay, I cannot ſo much as approach you, " without having recourſe to artifice, and " expoſing myſelf to a piquant raillery: " Would you run any riſque, after all, in " doing what ſo many, like you. . . ." " If thoſe you ſpeak of," interrupted Julia, " did any thing I do not approve of, " they were never like me." " Well," continued the holy father, " pray follow " the torrent of your fierceneſs; tire out " my patience; exhauſt it all, if poſſible; " and teach me to hate as much as I " love you." " I wiſh I could, both for " your repoſe and mine," replied Julia, " though that hatred was to coſt me my " life: But I perceive cardinal Farneſa has " loſt his ſpeech, and preſume his diſtem- " per requires reſt." " Will you ſo quick- " ly leave me?" purſued the pope: " Ah! " Madam, conſider, that to meet with " you, I came alone, unguarded, and de- " fenceleſs." " Your Holineſs," replied Julia,

Julia, " hath no enemies in Farneſa's pa-
" lace, nor conſequently need of guards
" for your ſecurity." " What!" replied the pope, " do you reckon my rival no-
" thing?" " His reſpect doth not only
" keep him at a diſtance at this time," added Julia, " but I know him ſo well,
" that I dare anſwer for him at any other."
" Ah! how happy," cry'd the pope, how
" happy is that Valerius whom your heart
" hath made choice of!" " But if you
" think I love him ſo well," purſued Julia,
" what makes you afford me the pleaſure
" of talking of him." " Alas! I know
" not," continued the pope, " only it is
" a certain ſign of my diſtraction." Whatever they could do to ſtop Julia, proved ineffectual, for ſhe went away; and as the pontiff was retiring in the ſame manner he came, ſhe related her laſt adventure to Hortenſia, who, with her, condemned the conduct of cardinal Farneſa.

Things being in this poſture, Julia thought it time to give them a new face; cardinal Farneſa was ſo abſolutely devoted to the pope, that there was no proſpect

of

of his be-lying his firſt actions; Valerius's uncle was no leſs ſubmiſſive to their enemy; the pope's authority would prevent her being received in any ſociety; and theſe extraordinary misfortunes required uncommon remedies.

She learnt, the next day, of Valerius, that the pope had prohibited all the convents receiving any young people without the conſent of their families; becauſe ſeveral endeavoured to take ſanctuary in them only to withdraw their obedience from parents. Upon which, after a long conſultation together, they reſolved upon a ſpeedy and private flight. Hortenſia, having a great influence over her mother, who was old, and eaſy to be perſuaded, did ſo well inſinuate the wickedneſs of Alexander the Sixth, and baſeneſs of cardinal Farneſa, that ſhe yielded, as well for her niece's repoſe, as the honour of her family, to undertake a journey to Venice, where Valerius was certain of an illuſtrious retreat; they therefore haſtened a departure to which time might raiſe great obſtacles. Emilia Farneſa, Hortenſia's

ſia's mother, Julia, Hortenſia, and their women, went away one night under the conduct of the amorous Valerius, who had omitted nothing neceſſary for the convenience and ſafety of the ladies.

Heaven favoured at length their innocent deſigns: This ſmall company reached Venice without any ill accident, and met with an extreme kind reception from an uncle of Valerius, by the mother's ſide, who having no children of his own, was to leave him a conſiderable eſtate.

They had no ſooner recovered their journey, but Valerius ſued for his greateſt felicity, with the approbation of his relations and of Emilia Farneſa, and married Julia with ſuch magnificent pomp as ſavoured nothing of the fugitive. The moſt illuſtrious families of Venice honoured this ceremony with their preſence; Valerius's uncle made a prodigious expence, and that bleſſed day procured Hortenſia a fortune worthy of her: Fabio Dagnelli, ſon to one of the beſt qualified and moſt potent ſenators, fell in love with her, married

her

her a little after, and made her compleatly happy. The glorious ſettlement of a perſon that was ſo dear to Julia, much encreaſed her joy. Emilia Farneſa praiſed heaven for being ſo favourable to her only daughter, and Valerius hugged himſelf at the proſperous ſucceſs of a journey wholly undertaken upon his account.

Fame, which publiſhes all things, ſoon carried this news to Rome; where the pope's tranſports of rage, and Farneſa's fury, were not a little obſervable. The pontiff was ready to break his keys and tear his mitre in pieces, when he received intelligence of Julia's being married to Valerius; of the agreeable life they led at Venice; how generally they were eſteemed for virtue; and what a magnificent figure (by the aſſiſtance of Valerius's uncle) they there made. He ſaw all his hopes ruined, his folly condemned, his authority inſignificant, and his ſoul tortured with ſuch pungent and ſenſible grief, that purgatory and hell itſelf could not appear more terrible. He both ſwore and wept ſo much, in his firſt tranſports, that

that the boldeſt durſt not approach him without trembling: It was in Farneſa's breaſt alone that he poured out his complaints, vented his ſighs, and propoſed the ruin of Valerius, who, ſheltered from his malice, thought of nothing but enjoying his good fortune peaceably.

A complaint being made to the Venetian ambaſſador, in cardinal Farneſa's name, that the republic had connived at a rape, he very wiſely anſwered, that to be ſure the ſenate did not look upon it as ſuch, and gave them but little ſatisfaction.

The pope, not knowing where to level his revenge, at length caſt his eyes upon a victim, whoſe only fault lay in over much ſubmiſſion: It was cardinal Corneto: All his proteſtations of innocence could not alter Alexander's opinion of his being privy to his nephew's eſcape: Having ſtifled his reſentment for ſome time, he afterwards imparted it to his ſon Cæſar: This violent and bloody man was ever a promoter of crimes, and the father,

father, being as wicked as the ſon, followed his pernicious advice.

Cardinal Corneto had a very fine ſeat near Rome: The pope ſeeming to forget the buſineſs of Valerius, ſaid he had a mind to walk about and view it: Upon which the cardinal prepared a ſtately entertainment; and Cæſar Borgia gave a bottle of poiſoned wine to one of his men, whom he moſt confided in, with orders to make cardinal Corneto drink of it, while they were eating; this man entruſted his charge with another, who filled it out to the pope, and the duke of Valentinois himſelf; and, by this voluntary or premeditated miſtake, delivered the old cardinal from the mortal deſign which they had upon him. The pope's conſtitution, much weakened with age, could not conquer the malignity of the poiſon, ſo that it killed him; but the duke, being put into a mule's body, by his own order, recovered, to the misfortune of his wife, and many worthy people, who were expoſed to his perſecutions. Julia,

Valerius,

Valerius, Hortenſia, and Fabio, led a life full of innocence and tranquility, at Venice. Cardinal Farneſa, known afterwards by the name of Paul the Third, and for the moſt debauched of all the popes, was a long time in love with the ducheſs of Valentinois, who continued very virtuous, though Cæſar Borgia was ſo bad a huſband.

Francis Picolomini, cardinal of Siena, was elected pope, and called Pius the Third, whoſe conduct and infirmities made him ſeem more regular than the reſt.

Now follows the character of Alexander the Sixth, given by an author who cannot be ſuſpected of impoſture: "He "was (ſays he) immoderately ambitious, "arrogant to exceſs, deteſtably perfidious, "horrid, cruel, and ſo enormouſly co- "vetous, that he ſet the moſt holy as "well as profane things to ſale, infecting "the univerſe with his abominable ex- "amples." Theſe authentic ſtrokes are ſufficient to juſtify the copy we have taken

we have taken from this monſtrous original, which not being drawn here in ſuch black colours as he retained from the number of his vices, we cannot be accuſed of ſpeaking with too much paſſion.

AGNES SOREAU *, *under* CHARLES the Seventh, *King of* France.

FRANCE being reduced to a deplorable condition, when Charles the Seventh came to the crown, prognosticated dismal things in this king's reign: The earl of Bedford, regent to Henry the Sixth, added it to the number of the English dominions; and the easiness of the people, or, rather, the misfortune of the kings, permitted that addition; for Charles, in his tender years, was often threatened with an unhappy fortune.

He was married before he came to years of discretion, not being above eleven when espoused to Mary, daughter to Louis of

* Vulgarly called SOREL. See *Mezeray's History of France.*

Anjou,

Anjou, king of Sicily; and though this princeſs was very deſerving, he knew her too ſoon to love; and was ſo accuſtomed to ſee her before he knew what belonged to that paſſion, that he found not in her any charms of novelty when time had made him ſuſceptible of it: Not but he reſpected the princeſs as he ought; but complacency without love, in ſuch a ſtrict engagement as matrimony, is inſeparably attended with indifference.

Charles was twenty-one years of age when he took the ſceptre, and might then be ſtiled an old huſband: The queen, having a good ſpirit, and much diſcretion, was ſatisfied with his bare civilities, and lived as agreeably as a wiſe princeſs, free from capricios and jealouſies, could do. Though the king's gallantries were frequent, and almoſt always public, ſhe promoted all ſorts of diverſions as much as the poſture of affairs would admit, and, by her prudent conduct, had acquired a general eſteem.

The Engliſh being poſſeſſed of Paris, Charles kept his court almoſt always at Chinon, a city in Tourain; and the reſidence of a young king, naturally magnificent, could not but make it very pleaſant.

With him were ſeveral princes and lords, which made his court very ſplendid: John of Bourbon, duke of Alençon; and Charles of Bourbon, count of Clermont; princes of the blood; advantageouſly appeared amongſt the handſomeſt: Charles of Anjou, the queen's brother; Arthur of Britany, earl of Richmond; the conſtable of France; count Dunois, of the houſe of Orleans; Cutant, the admiral; Trimoüille; St. Chaumont; Cruſat; and an hundred others, were remarkable for the nobleneſs of their blood, as well as the merit of their perſons: The ladies were not leſs amiable; but the moſt charming of all was Agnes Soreau, generally called the beautiful Agnes.

This admirable woman, deſcended from one of the beſt families in Tourain, loſt her

her father and mother in her tender years, and by them inherited the lordſhip of Fromenteau. Madam Mignelais, her aunt, a widow lady, eminent for virtue, took her home to her own houſe, in order to take the ſame care of her as of Antoinetta, her only daughter. This proximity of blood, and the ſame education, might have probably created a ſtrict union between theſe two young perſons; but Mademoiſelle Mignelais being vain and ambitious, and her beauty, though not deſpicable, much inferior to her couſin's, could not forbear envying and even hating Mademoiſelle Fromanteau. She, nevertheleſs, ſmothered her unjuſt ſentiments, which had doubtleſs been condemned by Madam Mignelais: And the beautiful Agnes, being free from jealouſy, ſincerely loved her relation as an amiable perſon, who owed her being to one whom ſhe could not but look upon as a mother.

They were of the ſame age, and in their ſixteenth year, when Madam Mignelais, having brought them up with the greateſt care, reſolved upon carrying

them to court, though ſhe did not much affect the buſtle and hurry of a palace.

Had the circumſtances of theſe two young ladies been leſs advantageous, their beauty alone was ſufficient to make them coveted; and they no ſooner appeared, but they were earneſtly requeſted to accept, what they thought to obtain as a favour. They had each of them admirers, but Agnes had twenty to one; her beauty was every where cry'd up as a prodigy, and whatever people ſaid of it, they thought it impoſſible to ſay enough.

The queen, who loved agreeable objects, found theſe very proper to feaſt her eyes: And the tender and gallant king was ſoon moved with ſuch kind and intereſted ſentiments for Agnes, as Mary of Anjou could never inſpire him with.

The charms of a face was not the only gift heaven had diſpenſed to Agnes; who received likewiſe from its bounty a graceful mien, an admirable ſhape, a more refined and agreeable wit than any woman

in

in France, and ſuch grandeur of ſoul as naturally led her to generous actions: All her inclinations were noble; ſhe was both obliging and compaſſionate; an ardent, diſcreet, ſincere friend; and, in a word, very proper to inſpire a violent paſſion.

Her aſcendency over others, ſubjected to her ſlaves of all ſorts; and from the king to the meaneſt officer, few could reſiſt the power of her eyes, which were capable of ſoftening the moſt ſavage diſpoſition.

As the queen had never laid any reſtraint upon the king, he took no pains to conceal his inclination for Agnes: This declared paſſion condemned his rivals to ſilence; and though ſome amongſt them were bold enough, and of a conſiderable rank, they rather choſe to love in ſilence, than ſtand in competition with a ſovereign.

Mademoiſelle Fromenteau and Mademoiſelle Mignelais being preferred to the honour of ſerving the queen, were lodged

in the palace at Chinon; and loving to make a figure, nothing could be richer than their cloaths and equipage.

The king was liberal to all the world, and would have been prodigal to Agnes, had ſhe been diſpoſed to make an advantage of him; but having a ſovereign contempt for intereſt, her ambition required nothing beyond her fortune.

The king was ſoon convinced of the violence of his paſſion, which he ſpoke of in a very moving manner; and though he was liſtened to without reproach, reſentment, or abſolute diſlike, yet he received ſuch equivocal and dubious anſwers, as gave but little ſatisfaction. His ſighs, till then, had been partly paid beforehand, and his looks begged with affected grimaces; but now he ſighed, and practiſed the language of the eyes in vain; his victory was doubtful, being doomed to languiſh a long time before he could be favoured.

Though

Though Agnes was not one of thoſe vain women whoſe knowledge of their great merit makes their beauty inacceſſible, her frequent converſe with the king not preventing the civility ſhe equally paid to her inferiors; yet ſhe had a certain indifference which diſſatisfied all. Several recreations were thought of to divert the young people, among whom ſhe always appeared more lovely than any other: Her cloaths were more becoming, and better choſen; and the piercing vivacity of an exceſſive beauty, joined to the age of ſeventeen, ſpread a charming air over the leaſt of her actions, powerful enough to ſubdue the moſt inſenſible ſoul.

Hope ſupporting the king for ſeveral months, he endured his ſufferings with great patience; but being at length overwhelmed with languor, he found himſelf too weak to ſtruggle with it any longer; every day diſcovered new charms in Agnes; the generoſity of whoſe ſoul filled him with admiration; he inceſſantly offered what ſhe always refuſed; and having, one day, vainly attempted to make her accept

of

of ſome curioſities, which a noted traveller had brought over from the eaſtern countries; not being able to maſter his grief; "I know not," ſaid he, "what fate has "decreed for my love, nor how you de- "ſign to diſpoſe of a miſerable king! Are "my ſervices and benefits infected with "poiſon? Or is the heart, that offers "them, ſo ignoble as to make you look "upon its homage with horror? And do "you require a more illuſtrious hand to "make that agreeable which you refuſe "with ſo much obſtinacy?" Theſe words, pronounced with a ſad and ſubmiſſive countenance, made Agnes bluſh, and probably moved her. "Did your majeſty "find any want of reſpect in what I do," replied ſhe, "I ſhould be ſo far from "juſtifying my conduct, that I ſhould "ſeverely condemn it: But, Sire, my in- "tentions, when known to you, will, I "hope, clear my innocence; ſince I ac- "knowledge that your grandeur, bounty, "and perſonal graces, are ſufficient not "only to command both reſpect and "eſteem, but even to create more pecu- "liar ſentiments; all which were born

"with

" with my reaſon, and are individual parts " of it; and by conſequence your majeſty " need not laviſh your treaſures in the " purchaſe." " What you ſay," anſwered the king, " ſhews much grandeur and " generoſity: But withal, Madam, I can- " not but obſerve a mixture of injuſtice, " and much rigour; the moſt precious " thing in the univerſe cannot balance " the leaſt of your favours, were any man " happy enough to receive them. Can " you imagine I ſet ſuch a value upon " my preſents as to expect you ſhould " make a return? No, beautiful, though " rigorous Agnes, ſuch ſmall tributes as " theſe ought not to be ſuſpected; it is " only a commerce of truſt and good will, " which will make my repoſe leſs un- " certain; and you cannot refuſe what a " king, nay, and a paſſionate king, offers, " without making him run into deſpair " by ſuch an apparent contempt."

" I can ſcarce perſuade myſelf," interrupted Agnes, much moved, " that your " majeſty ſhould make ſuch a diſadvanta- " geous interpretation of my actions; be- " lieving

" lieving that you have ſeen me often enough
" ſince I had the honour of being admit-
" ted at court, to know me better; but
" ſince the freedom of my proceeding is
" ſo ill reſented, I ſhall be tempted to
" grow not only more ſelfiſh, but likewiſe
" greedy of riches, if that is the ſurer
" way to convince you of my reſpect."
" Had I thought you would be angry,"
replied the king, who obſerved a little
fierceneſs in her eyes, " I would have
" ſuffered in ſilence; ſince, notwithſtand-
" ing the advantage of my rank, I can-
" not, I proteſt, approach you without
" trembling; nor reflect either upon my
" preſent fortune, or the grandeur of my
" anceſtors, whenever I look upon you."
" I muſt needs then make a confeſſion to
" your majeſty," ſaid Agnes, ſmiling,
" which, as inconſiderable as it ſeems to
" be, may perhaps ſurprize you: A learned
" man, known for ſuch by ſeveral experi-
" ments, foretold, that I ſhould be ardently
" beloved of a great king; whom I have
" often ſought for in your majeſty, but
" could not find him: I ſee, indeed, all that
" ſtateline's which the higheſt birth can pre-

" tend

" tend to: A crown, dominions, and nu-
" merous armies; neither is any thing
" wanting in your perſon to ſuſtain that
" glorious fortune; and your generous
" bounties are ſufficient to acquire the
" affection of all the world: But, Sire,
" this crown, theſe dominions and armies,
" are all attended with a ſhameful ſting;
" and I queſtion whether you can boaſt
" of being king, while the duke of Bed-
" ford, in his pupil's name, tyrannically
" ſeizes and poſſeſſes before your eyes, the
" beſt part of your ſtately monarchy. The
" more I conſider theſe things, the more
" am I convinced how much it is your
" intereſt to reflect upon them, alſo. The
" king of England's power is certainly
" greater than your's; ſince he poſſeſſes
" his own lands as well as your majeſty's,
" and the whole univerſe will believe that
" he exceeds you as much in virtue and
" merit, if you ſit ſtill while he peaceably
" enjoys them. But my deſign is not to
" enrich myſelf by the conqueſt, which you
" might make over your fierce enemies;
" but rather to ſtretch my reſpect and
" veneration to as vaſt an extent as they."

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This diſcourſe, pronounced with a peculiar grace and majeſty, rendered the charms of Agnes ſtill more irreſiſtable, and made no ſmall impreſſion upon the king. "You have reaſon, Madam," replied he, ſighing, "to judge my conduct "unworthy both of my rank and love; "of which I ſee all the irregularities, "ſince you have been ſo kind as to open "my eyes. It is not for a lazy monarch "to fulfil the oracle you ſpeak of; the "title of great king can only be acquired "by glorious actions: And, to deſerve it, "I muſt drive away the Engliſh; free my "country from tyranny; and wipe off the "reproach that covers me, by ſuch exploits as may be owned and approved of "by you." The king ſaid no more, being ſpurred with an ambition of appearing like one, indeed. Agnes, who perhaps loved him better than ſhe deſired, was tranſported to ſee him in this humour; while he ſighed for ſhame as he revolved over in his mind the circumſtances of his life; and nothing but his courage being able to repair the injuſtice of his father, he eaſily diſcerned that fortune made uſe

of

of a more imperious paſſion than ambition, to put it in motion.

He had no ſooner quitted Agnes, but he aſſembled his council, and being altogether prepoſſeſſed with his new deſigns, he there diſplayed, in very moving terms, both the miſery of the ſtate in general, and his own in particular; proteſting that he could not but bluſh at, and would no longer bear it. The duke of Bedford had till then ſeemed invincible, but as the fortune of arms is inconſtant, he ſaid, he did not deſpair of a happy turn againſt that proud enemy who had newly beſieged Ivry. They all rejoiced at the king's warlike intentions, and promiſed to do their duty. The next day he went to Tours. Marſhal Douglas, duke of Tourain, had not long before brought ſome troops from Scotland; viſcount Narbonne, all the flower of Languedoc; and the duke of Alençon, the counts of Aumale, Vantadour, Etonerre, and Tournon, with ſeveral other brave Frenchmen, expreſſed an ardent deſire to fight. But theſe good intentions were not, at firſt, anſwered with ſuch good

effects;

effects; for while Charles bewailed the abſence of Agnes, the Engliſh gained that memorable victory of Verneuil, where Ramboure made as glorious a compoſition as the unhappy condition of France would permit. Xantrailles and La Hire ſaved the remainder of the army, and retired to Mons. This great and remarkable misfortune did ſenſibly afflict Agnes, but the king could not repent his obſerving her advice, though the duke of Bedford triumphed in his defeat at Paris with an inſulting arrogance. "What though your "troops are vanquiſhed, Sire," ſaid Agnes, "your fortune is but like the greateſt of "men: The Scipio's and Pompey's them-"ſelves did not always gather laurels "without thorns: And, after all, it is a "thouſand times more glorious to be con-"quered in the purſuit of conqueſt, than "to continue in a ſhameful tranquility." Theſe diſcourſes proved as ſucceſsful as a very amiable and highly beloved miſtreſs could deſire. She lived very reſervedly, and was ſo prudent in her conduct, that the moſt envious could not raiſe any objections againſt it. The queen, being very com-

complaiſant to the king, uſed her with great civility, and never expreſſed the leaſt pique againſt her; and as this generous lady made no advantage of his favours, but to oblige others, ſhe had ſo many friends, and ſo few enemies, that nothing went contrary to her.

Madam Mignelais had often diſcourſed with her concerning the king's amour, but found ſo much innocence on her ſide, that ſhe was more equitable than to make a crime of the power of her beauty: But Mademoiſelle Mignelais, having leſs juſtice than her mother, looked upon the king's paſſion, the queen's indulgence, and the eſteem which all the world had for her couſin, with a violent jealouſy. She endeavoured, at firſt, to inſtil her own notions into Madam Mignelais, but not finding her eaſy to take ill impreſſions, had only the mortification of receiving a ſevere reprimand; and as this was not the way to convert or tame an high ſpirit, this enemy of Agnes grew ſtill more dangerous.

As ſhe was not without lovers, nor altogether deſtitute of friends, neither was ſhe long without intrigues: Villequier, a follower of king Charles, had, from his infancy, made a conſiderable figure in the court; being of an ancient family, and captain of the guards, the king's bounty made a conſiderable addition to his fortune: He was an handſome man, had a ready wit, an undaunted temper, an upright body, but a double heart. The conformity of inclinations between Mademoiſelle Mignelais and him, produced as ſtrict an union; and though ſhe was incapable of loving to a nicety, (ſeveral intereſted paſſions ſtruggling with the ſweeteſt for maſtery) yet, in appearance, ſhe had as much regard for Villequier as he had for her.

The conſolation of love, with the hopes of a more happy juncture, ſupported the king under his loſs, which he bore with great patience; and perceiving the correſpondence between Mademoiſelle Mignelais and Villequier, he reſolved to encourage it. He took a particular intereſt in

every

every thing relating to Agnes; and having, upon that account, a great eſteem for Madam Mignelais, he joyfully embraced that opportunity of making ſuch an advantageous eſtabliſhment for her daughter. Though Agnes had obſerved, upon ſeveral occaſions, how little her couſin loved her, yet her generous temper would not permit her to be the leſs favourable; ſhe diligently employed all her credit with the king to ſerve her in this affair; and the match being concluded upon in a ſhort time, the king paid the expence of the wedding, and the honours of it himſelf.

Chinon, notwithſtanding the deſolation of the kingdom, was the agreeable theatre of a thouſand diverſions, which generally attend youth in ſuch great aſſemblies. All the court appeared at the nuptials of Mademoiſelle Mignelais, which being celebrated with the preſence of the king and queen, nothing but pleaſures were ſpoke of for ſeveral days together.

As Madam Villequier was the moſt ambitious woman in the world, ſhe ever

affected all things that looked like quality; and being made lady of honour to the queen, ſhe gave great offence by her haughty carriage: She had a competent ſhare of the worſt ſort of wit, ſpoke very pertinently, and never failed to enliven converſation.

She lived, at firſt, with her huſband like all conceited wives; that is to ſay, upon the leaſt abſence ſhe ſhed a torrent of tears; was tranſported with joy at his return; fell into fainting fits when he named war; could not eat unleſs he was preſent; in the graveſt company always ſingled him out like a lover; and omitted none of thoſe ſtudied appearances which aim at the repreſentation of a great paſſion.

Agnes knew her too well to be deceived by theſe grimaces; but having no great eſteem for Villequier, who ſeemed as inſincere as his wife, ſhe could not bewail his making a choice ſo little to his advantage, and ſatisfied herſelf with obſerving the faults of both.

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The queen, who was extreme free and witty, having never obſerved ſuch fondneſſes, or, rather, artifices, as thoſe which Madam Villequier made uſe of, could not forbear ridiculing and deſpiſing her for it.

One day, when the court was but ſmall, all the men having followed the king to the chace, Madam Villequier, according to her uſual manner, ſeemed very uneaſy and diſcontented, upon which the queen rallied her very wittily. "What, Madam," ſaid ſhe, "muſt your huſband poſſeſs you "wholly? And is it not ſufficient that he is "maſter of your body and heart, without depriving us of your wit, alſo? "Methinks all is dull when you are ſo; the "charms which you add to converſation "make your ſilence the more inſupportable; and if time changes you not, "it will be neceſſary to tie you to Monſieur Villequier, that you may never loſe "him out of ſight."

As this diſcourſe of the queen was not without malice, ſo it nettled Madam Ville-

quier to the quick. "I know not, Ma-
"dam," replied ſhe, in a more haughty
manner than became her, "whether your
"majeſty has accuſtomed yourſelf to the
"king's abſence, but am ſure I am always
"very uneaſy at that of Monſieur Ville-
"quier." We are ſuch an old couple, though
"but young people," anſwered the queen,
"that if our affection is not chilled with
"indifference, we enjoy at leaſt all the
"moderation neceſſary to prevent our be-
"ing unhappy; and I believe ten years
"hence you will be able to bear the light
"of the ſun without Monſieur Villequier."
"Since time moderates all things," added
Madam Villequier, "I have the more
"reaſon to give him early inſtructions
"in the maxims of affection, in order
"to bind him ſo faſt to me that he may
"never apply himſelf to any other." "It
"would be much more adviſeable, in my
"opinion," purſued the queen, laughing,
"to prepare your conſtancy for a thou-
"ſand little vexations inſeparable from our
"condition. Can you think Villequier,
"who, it is well known, loves an eaſy
"life, will confine himſelf long to the

"reſtraint

" reſtraint which you lay upon him? And " becauſe your beauty is very compleat, do " you imagine he will never ſpy charms " in any eyes but your's?" " Should I " have the grief of obſerving any infidelity " in his," anſwered Madam Villequier, abruptly, " I would take my revenge upon " the very objects that did me ſuch ill " offices, and not tamely ſtand by to ſee " an aſſault made upon a heart where I " ought to reign with a ſovereign power." The queen, deſpiſing this rude reflection took no other notice, but with an eaſy and compoſed countenance, anſwered after this manner: " The opinion I have " of the weakneſs of all men, makes " me judge that you will not want a " ſubject for revenge, or I am miſtaken " in Monſieur Villequier. But, Madam, do " you really expect a man ſhould always " love his wife to diſtraction? Doth " not reaſon, as well as ſelf-love, di- " rect us to be above the poiſon of " jealouſy; to be ſatisfied, with a civil ſo- " ciety; with ſome regard in the moſt " material things; with the eſteem one " deſerves by this conduct; with the true

"reſpect, and authority which the name "of wife gives in a family, without "pretending to keep a man in ſub-"jection? For the quality of an huſband "doth not oblige him to ſhake hands "with the world, nor to fix his looks "wholly upon his wife; much leſs to be "uneaſy whenever ſhe is not preſent, or to "drag a perpetual torment after him when "he is neceſſitated to abſent himſelf from "her." "Really, Madam," anſwered Madam Villequier, "your majeſty grants "ſtrange privileges to huſbands: I dare "not diſpute the experiments which make "you ſo learned in theſe matters; and "only beg leave to ſay, that I cannot "ſubmit to your judgment. But, couſin," ſaid ſhe, to the fair Agnes, who had not yet ſpoke, "you ſay nothing at all, though, "methinks, you ought to take my part." "My reſpect for the queen would pre-"vent that," replied Agnes: "Beſides, "I find too much juſtice in her ma-"jeſty's opinion to contradict it." You "have ſome particular reaſons not to "do it," interrupted Madam Villequier, fiercely. "Whatever my reaſons are,"

purſued

purſued Agnes, "I believe you deſerve "the tendereſt and moſt conſtant affection "of Monſieur Villequier." "You think, "then," continued ſhe, "that I deſerve "a ſhare, but cannot hope for all, and "muſt neceſſarily expect to ſee them di-"vided." "It is probable," purſued the queen, "that Mademoiſelle Fromenteau "will reſemble me, when ſhe is in my "condition, and conſequently not be very "inclinable to jealouſy." "She is ſo fit "to inſpire, that ſhe ought not to be in-"ſenſible of that paſſion," replied Madam Villequier; "neither do I believe that ſhe would be free from it, had ſhe the leaſt oc-"caſion for it." "You have ever been ſo "little favourable to me," ſaid Agnes, laughing, "that I am not ſurprized at your "ill conſtructions; and I know it is very "uſual to aſperſe relations, that there "may be no pretence to ſpare others."

At that moment the king came in, attended by all his court, and Villequier ſeemed to be one of the moſt officious about him; the prince's firſt civilities were paid to the queen, who received him with her

her uſual candour and tranquility; and the preſence of ſo many illuſtrious ſpectators did not hinder Villequier's approaching his wife with all the ſubmiſſion of a lover, nor her expreſſing a fooliſh joy, which looked rather forced than natural. "Mon-" ſieur Villequier," ſaid the queen to him, laughing very heartily, "it is abſolutely "neceſſary either that the king ſhould "forbid your following him, or that you "ſhould take Madam Villequier along "with you; for you are no ſooner out "of ſight, but ſhe loſes the uſe of ſpeech; "and ſhould your love ever cool, I am "afraid ſhe would loſe her ſenſes alſo." Villequier anſwered this diſcourſe of the queen with great gallantry, and every one retired not long after.

But while the king was ſighing for Agnes, the Engliſh, guided by that favourable ſtar which then preſided over their fortune, purſued their advantages. The earl of Warwick beat the conſtable of France, who was too much emboldened by the taking of Pontorſon; and though they had a ſlight advantage at Montargis,

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the Engliſh, having regained Pontorſon, grew more potent than ever. The French court itſelf was full of diviſion; the duke of Britany, brother to the conſtable, went over to the Engliſh, and never was any kingdom ſo near a total ruin as that of France.

Agnes, who was beloved, or rather adored, by a very amiable though unhappy monarch, could not but bewail his misfortunes; neither was ſhe, perhaps, inſenſible of the proteſtations which he made of his paſſion; but ſhe loved glory; and though, till then, he had been very unſucceſsful, yet ſhe always ſpurred him on to war, and indeed did more than his whole council together.

The kingdom of France was at that time reduced to ſuch a deplorable condition, as gave juſt alarm to all the king's faithful ſubjects. The earl of Saliſbury, at the head of a potent army, laid ſiege to Orleans, and the French having before made trial of that general, were ſo terrified at his approach, that they at firſt made but a faint

a faint reſiſtance. On New Year's Day the Engliſh preſented us with a new attempt, by planting their ladders againſt the bulwark of port Renard; but the beſieged vigorouſly repulſed that aſſault; and the next day admiral Cutant croſſing the Loire, notwithſtanding the rigorous ſeaſon, carried victuals over to the beſieged, and put a party of the Engliſh to the ſword, without ſuffering any loſs. But this advantage was ſucceeded by a ſad reverſe; for the duke of Bedford having ſent a quantity of proviſion and ſalt-fiſh to the beſiegers, and the French, finding their forces ſuperior, having attacked the convoy, were terribly beaten, loſing five or ſix hundred men, without ſlaying one of the Engliſh. The occaſion of this battle made it be called the battle of Herrings.

Count Dunois, who commanded the French troops with Vitry, Gaucourt, Graville, Villars, La Hire, and Xantraille, were not the leaſt perplexed, but kept their ground in the mouth of danger.

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The king, who in all places ſaw nothing but terror and deſperation, prepared for a ſad cataſtrophe. They who defended Orleans were expoſed to terrible aſſaults, and bravely reſolved to periſh, rather than forfeit their honour. The king knew not how to adviſe them, looking upon that important city as loſt. But heaven having placed him upon the edge of a precipice, only to make its protection the more conſpicuous, did then produce ſtrange events in his favour. The victorious Engliſh were perpetually calling to the beſieged, in an inſulting manner, which provoked the inhabitants to make a vigorous ſally; and the earl of Saliſbury being at the bridge-tower window, to obſerve what paſſed, Glacidas, an Engliſh captain, and one of the moſt imperious in all the army, drew near, and ſaid, "Pray, my lord, look upon a town "that will ſhortly be your's; you may "ſee it all from hence." The earl, raiſing his head at theſe words, a cannon bullet, ſhot from the town, gave him a mortal wound, of which he died ſoon after.

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This accident occaſioned a diſorder in the Engliſh army, which the commanders took timely care to remedy. The king of France and fair Agnes were themſelves in a great conſternation. The prince was forſaken by his friends, and ſaw no place of ſafety in his dominions; the loſs of Orleans making way for all that was watered by the Loire.

A wonder happened in France about this time, which is atteſted by the moſt impartial hiſtorians: Joan of Arc, twenty-ſeven years of age, born at Domremy, near Vaucouleurs, in Lorrain, of a mean extract, and brought up by poor parents to keep ſheep; being inſpired by a ſupernatural power; boaſted that ſhe would drive away the Engliſh, deliver Orleans, and cauſe the king to be anointed at Rheims. Her diſcourſe being looked upon as an effect of diſtraction, did at firſt only create laughter; but perſiſting in it with an undaunted obſtinacy, the provoſt of Vaucouleurs thought fit to carry her to Chinon, which they found in a great conſternation.

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The king was ſurprized at her arrival, adding no faith to ſuch improbable promiſes, neither was his council diſpoſed to be more credulous, but, nevertheleſs, perſuaded him to ſee this young heroine; and, to puzzle her the more, the king diſguiſed himſelf in a plain countryman's habit.

Joan of Arc was extreme handſome; and, notwithſtanding her innocent age and mean condition, had an air of grandeur peculiar to her. Her countenance was modeſtly aſſured; ſhe ſpoke without preſumption; expreſſed herſelf with much grace and wit; and, in all her proceedings, duly obſerved the modeſty of her ſex.

She applied herſelf wholly to the king, in ſpite of his diſguiſe, and accoſting him with a profound reſpect, and the behaviour of a perſon well educated, "Sir," ſaid ſhe, "I am inſpired by the God of Heaven, "who hath appointed me to make "you ſubdue your enemies." She was then told, that he was not the king, and

that

that ſhe miſtook herſelf. "His borrowed "cloaths," ſaid ſhe, looking ſcornfully on them who told her ſo, "cannot take away "his character, nor deceive ſuch eyes "as are divinely enlightened: It is he "himſelf, and I am animated by a ſpirit "that is never miſtaken."

The aſtoniſhed king conſulted ſome divines upon this adventure, and was by them adviſed to purſue it further. Joan of Arc, ſurnamed the Maid of Orleans, demanded a ſword which was kept at St. Catharine de Fierbois, in Tourain; deſired leave to dreſs herſelf in man's apparel; and to take ſome perſons of note along with her. Admiral Cutant and Marſhal Rieux were choſen for her companions. She took leave of the king like a great captain, and with the admiral and marſhal parted from Chinon.

Orleans had been ſix months beſieged, and was almoſt driven to deſpair by famine, when ſhe undertook to relieve it with victuals, which ſhe ſoon effected; and this miraculous maid wrote to the Engliſh officers

officers after a very menacing manner. Her letter, though it abounded with ſenſe, was publickly read, and expoſed, as the moſt conſummate folly. She, nevertheleſs, continued her undertaking; and, by keeping the field, promoted daily the conveyance of victuals into the town. This marvellous aſſiſtance, which the people received as ſent from heaven, made the Maid's name very famous. In a little time ſhe attacked a fort, at the head of ſome French troops; and planting a ladder, in ſpite of a ſhower of arrows, ſhe aſcended the firſt herſelf, crying out at that inſtant, "Mont joyo, St. Denis." Such an extraordinary example was enough to infuſe courage into the moſt timorous: In ſhort, the forts were demoliſhed, and a great many of the enemy cut in pieces. The Engliſh officers vainly employed their eloquence to harangue the ſoldiers; ſince the Maid entered Orleans in triumph, this apparent prodigy froze the boldeſt with a mortal fear. At break of day the Maid's ſtandard was carried about the city; ſhe put all to flight; and the beſieged, after

the loſs of their engines, men, and forts, were totally ſubdued.

Thus Orleans was freed from a tyrannical perſecution, by the celebrated and modeſt Joan of Arc: A wound ſhe received in the arm was an addition to her glory, and her name was extolled to the very heavens, by the mouths of even ſtuttering children. It is ſaid, that the Engliſh, in three days time, loſt above eight thouſand, and the French ſcarce one hundred men.

Count Dunois, adoring the virtue of that courageous maid, treated her with the ſame reſpect as is paid to crowned heads: All the officers honoured her; and there was not a ſoldier but would give her ſome teſtimony of zeal. After ſhe had left illuſtrious monuments of that great victory, and ſettled a profound peace at Orleans, ſhe again ſet forward towards Chinon, where the joy was very general.

"Well, Sire," ſaid fair Agnes to the king, "were not my hopes of your ma-

"jeſty's

" jeſty's triumph well grounded? And did
" not my confidence in heaven's protection
" preſage all theſe miracles?" " I muſt
" confeſs," anſwered the king, " they
" much exceed my expectations: But how
" ſhall I recompenſe the important ſer-
" vices of that extraordinary perſon who
" hath done ſo much for me?" " Since
" ſhe is as handſome as valiant," replied
Agnes, with an agreeable ſmile, " your
" majeſty, who has a tender heart, and
" royal inclinations, will eaſily find out
" a way to requite her." " Ah! would
" to heaven," added the king, in a paſ-
ſionate manner, " you could grow a little
" jealous, and by the intereſt you take
" in, inform me of an advantage I have
" hitherto been ignorant of." " Suppoſe
" I were capable of the weakneſs which your
" majeſty wiſhes me guilty of," continued
Agnes, " do you think that either reſpect
" or pride would not make me take care
" to conceal it?" " Reſpect," replied the
king, " is a ceremonious term that of-
" fends my paſſion; and the word pride
" naturally terrifies it: Why, Madam, if
" you loved me a little, would you be

" ſo cruel as to keep me ever in igno-
" rance." " One cannot always do as
" one would," anſwered Agnes; " and I
" ſhould not perhaps counterfeit ſo well,
" but you might diſcern more than I could
" tell you."

The king was about to continue this diſcourſe, when he received intelligence of the Maid's arrival: He had a mind to receive her in the queen's apartment, where Agnes immediately guided her ſteps, to ſee a maid who drew ſo much glory after her.

Count Dunois, Pothon, Xantrailles, and ſeveral other conſiderable officers, attended her. She appeared in arms. The ſmallneſs of her face was ſet off with long hair, and her wounded arm ſupported with a magnificent ſcarf. The ladies admired her, and ſeveral men felt the power of her eyes. She received the careſſes of the king and queen in a manner more ſuitable to her actions than condition. Agnes accoſted her afterwards in a moſt charming manner, to which ſhe anſwered with a grace

that

that was peculiar to her, and exhorted the king to purſue his victories, and not neglect being anointed. The earl of Suffolk was vanquiſhed at Gergeau, where he loſt two brothers, and ſeveral other places returned to their obedience to the king.

The duke of Bedford gathered ſome ſcattered troops which had been commanded by Talbot and Ramſton, but they were taken or put to the ſword at Patay, in Beauce; and the duke ſtormed violently when he ſaw an hundred and ten of his enſigns in the power of the French.

This run of proſperity opened for the king a glorious way to Rheims; and the Maid's eagerneſs for the unction, made him haſten that royal ceremony, which was ſo pompouſly fine, that the deſcription of it would be ſufficient to compoſe a volume. All hearts being filled with joy, the ſolemnity was no ſooner over, but a thouſand pleaſures took place; the horrors of war were for ſome time ſupplied by the ſweeteſt amuſements, of which love and mirth were the chief objects.

The duke of Bedford obſerving the French animated with freſh ardour, after the holy unction, redoubled his efforts and intrigues; notwithſtanding which, ſeveral ſtrong places renounced the Engliſh government: And, being with ten thouſand men at Sentis, he wrote to the king, who, reſolving to fight him, returned no anſwer; but the Maid prudently oppoſed his reſolution. The armies continued ſome days without motion, and were only engaged in petty ſkirmiſhes.

The duke of Bedford having noted ſo much order and reſolution among the French, thought it beſt to return towards Paris, without undertaking any thing further. Compeigne, Creil, Sentis, Beauvais, and a great many other places, acknowledged their lawful king; and that prince, after receiving the homage of Montmorency and Mony, marched directly to Paris, upon the aſſurance which he had received from the duke of Burgundy of finding all there diſpoſed to favour him: but that traitor had deceived him. The duke of Bedford was at St. Denis; and the Maid endeavouring

vouring to attack the ſuburbs of St. Honorius, was dangerouſly wounded: They were forced to retire into Berry, while the duke of Bedford went into Normandy, where the conſtable of France had taken Evreux, Aumale, and the caſtle Guillard d'Andely. Melan, Sens, and Villeneuve le Roy, augmented likewiſe the good fortune of king Charles: But, by a cruel diſaſter, the Maid was taken priſoner, and the ſame fate attended the famous Pothon.

That admirable maid, worthy of eternal memory, being fallen into the violent hands of the duke of Bedford, he rejoiced more at the taking of her, than he could have done at the conqueſt of ſeveral provinces. She was conducted to Rouen, and there ſome wicked divines, moved by the ſprings of intereſt, and to pleaſe the duke of Bedford, condemned Joan of Arc as guilty of the following particulars: Firſt, of wearing man's cloaths, contrary to the decency and modeſty of her ſex; ſecondly, of invoking evil ſpirits, as a magician; and, laſtly, as being an idolator, here-

tic, and ſchiſmatic. This condemnation was ſigned by all the univerſity of Paris. Peter Cuchon, biſhop of Beauvais, influenced by the regent of England, aſſembled the archiepiſcopal chapter of Rouen, who remitted the innocent Maid to the ſecular power: and the duke of Bedford moſt inhumanly ordered her to be burnt. She had ſerved France a year, was a priſoner ſomething longer, and left a memory behind her which ought to be held in reverence to all ages.

Though her death gave ſo much joy to the Engliſh, it put the court of France into a profound mourning. All thoſe who had admired the Maid were inconſolable; both the king and queen bewailed her; but no one was ſo ſenſible of the loſs of that fair and illuſtrious warrior, as Agnes. She found herſelf particularly indebted to her valour, in having made the deſigns which ſhe had infuſed into the king prove ſo ſucceſsful.

The duke of Bedford, who ſaw the happy deſtiny of France triumph over his ambitious

ambitious conduct, thought it time to crown young king Henry at Paris, which he did, with all poſſible ſplendor; but had the mortification to be diſappointed of thoſe acclamations which he expected from the people. And not to inſiſt any longer upon ſuch a tedious and dangerous war, it will be ſufficient to intimate, that after ſeveral hard ſtruggles, the Engliſh were driven from, and king Charles made his royal entry into Paris. He then, like a true ſovereign, forgot all thoſe vexatious affairs which had croſſed his younger years; and though the dauphin Lewis, his ſon, was but a child, yet he married him to Margaret Stuart, daughter to James king of Scotland, but that princeſs lived but a ſhort time.

The dauphin was of a fierce, proud diſpoſition, and ſo untractable, that he would ſcarce ever be brought to act contrary to his temper. The king had entruſted the care of his infancy with the count of March, a prince of the blood of France; but all the prudence of that governor was not ſufficient to ſubdue his violent inclinations.

tions. He had good natural parts, though bad principles: The love which the king his father had for Agnes, gave him an averſion to that beautiful lady; and he was no ſooner capable of diſcerning or feeling any paſſion, but he diſtinguiſhed the difference between love and hatred, and generally gave way to the latter. The heir to the crown was not the only enemy of Agnes; Madam Villequier, envying the king's perſeverance, would have gladly interrupted the current of ſuch conſtant favour. The queen's prediction proved true; Madam Mignelais died; the example of whoſe wiſdom, while ſhe lived, laying a reſtraint upon her daughter, ſhe only expreſſed a counterfeit grief at her death: As for Agnes, ſhe was really concerned, and bewailed her a long time like a true mother.

Madam Villequier, being freed from the obſervation of thoſe penetrating eyes which kept her in awe, let her own take more liberty, and gave way to certain inclinations which fear and reaſon had a long time tied up. All the charms of matri-

mony

mony were in ſome years drowned; Villequier's love grew cooler, his wife's more moderate; but their blazing fires were not extinct, being exchanged for more ardent flames.

Never man was more ſuſceptible of, and leſs conſtant in love, than Villequier: He had been engaged in an hundred intrigues before he married Madam Villequier; and the queen's maids of honour, with whom he often converſed, called him nothing but the Fickle Lover. After having given more proofs of fidelity to his wife than he had done to any miſtreſs, he took a diſtaſte to his eaſy fortune; and, inſpired with a blinder paſſion than he had ever felt before, did ſo accuſtom himſelf to look upon Agnes with pleaſure, that he could no longer ſee her without admiration. The king's concurrence did not prevent his yielding to the ſame power; and all he could obtain from his reaſon, was, to ſubject it to ſecrecy.

Madam Villequier, who was born under as fickle a planet as her huſband, and able, with

with the aſſiſtance of her beauty, to draw in lovers, found her condition below her, and thought her glory concerned to enlarge the limits of her empire beyond the bare extent of an huſband's heart. She ſigh'd a thouſand times for grief, pride, and jealouſy, when ſhe obſerved what reſpect attended the king's applications to Agnes; and being mortified at the liberties which the priviledge of a huſband permits him to take, ſhe often redden'd with rage to ſee her own act without that high reſpect and complaiſance which had formerly ſo pleaſingly flattered her vanity. Finally, nothing was capable to moderate her uneaſineſs, but the proſpect of a royal conqueſt: Grown bold and vain to exceſs, ſhe undertook to make it; and imagining that great ſufferings, as well as precipitate favours, would at length leſſen love, ſhe hoped, againſt all appearances, that the ſmall progreſs which the king had till then made in his declared amour, would in a little time give him a diſtaſte.

She therefore omitted no grace which the moſt exquiſite art could lend to her beauty.

beauty. Her looks, which ſeemed to part from modeſt eyes, did only voluntarily obey her irregular paſſions. She affected to appear a wit in all converſations, and, contrary to her uſual cuſtom, frequently viſited Agnes, becauſe the king was often with her; and Villequier, being attracted by an irreſiſtable power, went thither every day. This new conduct ſurprized Agnes, who, as quick-ſighted as ſhe was, could not comprehend it. Madam Villequier being perfectly inſtructed in the art of flattery, took ſeveral opportunities to inſinuate, that ſhe had a double affection for her ſince the death of her mother; and, in order to obey her laſt command, deſired there might be a ſtrict and eternal union between them. Agnes, though very witty, being free from malice, thanked her moſt cordially, and was truly rejoiced at the thoughts of having ſoftened a heart which had ever appeared very averſe to her.

The king, who did not love conſtraint, was ſomething uneaſy at Madam Villequier's late fondneſs of Agnes; but the

fear

fear of diſobliging both, prevented his taking notice of it.

The queen, being an enemy to artifice and diſſimulation, had the faculty of reading the moſt hidden thoughts; and required not much time to diſcern, that Madam Villequier's proceedings had but an ill foundation. This diſcovery made her deſpiſe her ſtill the more. "I believe," ſaid ſhe, one day, before the king, "that Madam Villequier takes Mademoiſelle Fromenteau for her huſband; "for ſhe is now as fond of her, as ſhe "was of him, for ſome time after their "marriage." "I think it is a ſort of "metamorphoſis," anſwered the king; "for ſure ſo many ſigns of friendſhip "were never ſeen to ſucceed ſo much appearance of indifference." "I know "not," continued the queen, "whether "it is ſincere or not, but am ſure, were "I in fair Agnes's place, I ſhould not "truſt her." At theſe words they both came in. "Well, Sire," continued the queen, laughing, "Are they not inſeperable; and do not you think Villequier

"hath

" hath ſome reaſon to be jealous?" Madam Villequier, gueſſing the ſubject of their diſcourſe by what the queen ſaid, could not forbear bluſhing. But her diſorder encreaſed, when the queen, directing her ſpeech to her, went on, with a pleaſant countenance, after this manner: " Madam, " as I believe the beautiful Agnes is of " greater value than the Golden Fleece, " ſo I believe you are the Dragon that " watches her; but take care of your " treaſure, ſince one may meet with Medea's and Jaſon's without undertaking a voyage to Colchos." This agreeable raillery made all the company burſt out into a violent fit of laughter, which put Madam Villequier quite out of countenance for a little time. Agnes was diverted as well as the reſt; and the king found the queen's compariſon ſo natural and appoſite, that he could not forbear laughing heartily at it himſelf. The confuſed and provoked Madam Villequier ſummoned all her aſſurance to her aſſiſtance, to carry it off unconcernedly; and putting on a forced indifference, " Though I am not well " verſed in fable," anſwered ſhe, " I think

" I have

" I have ſomewhere read, that the Jaſons " were not over faithful to the Medeas; " and, after that example, queſtion whe- " ther any would be weak enough to fa- " vour ſuch heroes with their charitable " enchantments: But, Madam, I hope " your majeſty will excuſe me from pro- " ſecuting the diſcourſe of monſters and " magicians, the very thoughts of which " will terrify me." " You undoubtedly " wrong your courage," replied the queen, " and are far from being ſo ſoon fright- " ened as you would make us believe; " for my part, I have ſo good an opinion " of your conſtancy, that I do not think " all the Argonauts together could give " it the leaſt ſhock; and, as to vigilance, " am perſuaded that the choiceſt things " cannot be depoſited in any hands more " capable of keeping and defending them " than your's: But, Madam, I am ſorry " if I have imprudently made uſe of an " expreſſion that gives offence." The ſight of Villequier, who came in juſt then, did not change the converſation. " Come and engage with the queen," ſaid the king to him, " for ſhe hath put a

" groſs

" groſs affront upon Madam Villequier,
" in the preſence of all this company."
" She doubtleſs deſerved it, then, an-
ſwered Villequier, " for the queen is too
" equitable to do any thing of that na-
" ture without reaſon." " I cannot but
" look upon your being prepoſſeſſed in
" my favour, as a good omen," replied
the queen; " and hope you will, inſtead
" of quarrelling with me, as the king
" adviſed, make my peace with Madam
" Villequier." " I ſhall perhaps diſoblige
" her, too," added the king, merrily,
" by adviſing you to be jealous of Ma-
" demoiſelle Fromenteau, who entirely
" poſſeſſes your wife." " I ſee," inter-
rupted Madam Villequier, laughing, but
withal ſomething nettled, " that, accord-
" ing to the queen's notion, your majeſty
" looks upon me as the dragon that de-
" fended the king of Colchos's golden
" fleece, or as he that kept the entrance
" of the Heſperian gardens: But ſhe need
" not fear any thing, the charms of her
" preſence being alone ſufficient to con-
" quer the greateſt difficulties." " I
" know not then," ſaid Agnes, in a very

pleaſing manner, " whether I have rea-
" ſon to applaud the opinion of the neceſ-
" ſity of guards to regulate my conduct.
" My reaſon was grounded upon your
" worth," replied the queen, looking very obligingly upon her, " and not upon
" any defect in your conduct." " Had
" you need of being guarded," continued Villequier, " that employment would be-
" long to me rather than any other."
" As ſhe hath no enemies," added the queen, maliciouſly, and can, at the worſt,
" fear nothing but envy, Madam Ville-
" quier's zeal will be ſufficient, without
" employing the cohorts under your com-
" mand."

Madam Villequier could not put her mind into a right frame all the reſt of the day; the company ſettled to play, and at night there was a concert of muſic in the queen's apartment, where ſhe made her appearance with the reſt of the court. As ſhe retired, ſhe called upon Agnes, whoſe apartment was near her's, and told her that ſhe believed the queen had a deſign to vex her. Agnes, though ſleepy, excuſed

cuſed that princeſs; and, as ſhe was undreſſing, a paper fell from her, which Madam Villequier officiouſly picked up, and in it read theſe words aloud:

"I am a venturous lover, equally tired "with ſufferings and ſilence; I keep my "diſtance, and live myſteriouſly, but ex- "pect nothing from either. Every where "I induſtriouſly purſue you, but trace "your ſteps in vain; for though my eyes "are full of paſſion, your's do not un- "derſtand their language."

"Really, couſin," ſaid Madam Ville- "quier, "this is a very imprudent lover, "to make an attempt upon a place where "the avenues are guarded by monſters. "It is he, doubtleſs, who wants enchant- "ments; for one that ſpeaks ſo low, "cannot hope to climb very high without "ſome conſiderable aſſiſtance." "I am "ſo little taken with this kind of foolery," anſwered Agnes, "that he who began it "muſt needs be a loſer." "A man who "hath loſt his repoſe and liberty," replied Madam Villequier, "hath not much to

" manage, and I am of opinion that he will " not ſtop here: But it is time to leave " you alone to reflect upon it." " I aſſure " you, Madam," anſwered Agnes, " I " ſhall devote this night wholly to ſleep; " and if I happen to think on it, it will " not be till to-morrow at the ſooneſt, " when I am well awake." Madam Villequier retired, and carried the billet along with her; Agnes really ſlept very ſound and quietly the reſt of the night, but the billet came back to her mind when ſhe awaked.

Not one of all her admirers had had the confidence to make a declaration; and as all eyes ſpake to her in almoſt the ſame language, ſhe knew not where to take her aim. She thought of the conſtable of France, who ſighed loud enough to be overheard, and induſtriouſly courted all opportunities of ſerving her; of count Dunois, who was ever highly complaiſant, and had a vaſt ſhare of wit; of Trimouille, Albret, Chabaner, and ſeveral other profeſſed gallants; but was far from placing Villequier in that number. After long reflexion,

ſhe

ſhe could not fix her ſuſpicions upon any one.

Madam Villequier, in the mean time, ſtudiouſly applied herſelf to the billet, which ſhe read over and over every moment, but was not able to find out the author no more than Agnes. She at leaſt comprehended, with pleaſure, that ſince her relation certainly had lovers, it would not be impoſſible to make the king jealous. This flattering thought raiſed her to the height of felicity. She paſſionately deſired to obſtruct a favour which ſhe ſo much envied, and which, till then, had not received the leaſt check.

As nothing relating to Agnes ever eſcaped her notice, ſhe eaſily diſcovered the young dauphin's averſion for that fair lady. This prince, who, at a tender age, was too much governed by ſeveral paſſions, which broke out with violence afterwards, loſt no occaſion of diſobliging Agnes, inſomuch that the king perceived it, and had certainly corrected his malignant hatred, had not Agnes interpoſed, who could not

but think it was infuſed into him by ſome other.

Madam Villequier left nothing unattempted to bring about a deſign, upon the ſucceſs of which depended her ſatisfaction. She managed the dauphin with ſo much cunning and complaiſance, that ſhe quickly gained an abſolute power over that haughty young prince, who could bear nothing but what was entirely ſubmiſſive; and their familiarity grew ſo great, that he publickly called her his miſtreſs.

There was then great rejoicing at court for the queen's happy delivery, which the king reſolved to celebrate with ſome diverſions, where love ſhould bear a part, as ſoon as the queen was in a condition to appear at them herſelf. There was a ball and dance, entituled, The Amours of Aurora and Cephalus. The king being then in the prime of his age, was one of the dancers, and repreſented Cephalus; the queen, Aurora; the dauphin, the ſun; and the handſomeſt ladies, to the number of twenty-four, compoſed an Entry of

Hours,

Hours, which was very agreeable to the ſubject of the ball. Their cloaths were ſo alike, that all who were of the ſame height could not be known in a maſk. Several were that day miſtaken, and particularly the dauphin, who took Agnes for Madam Villequier. After he had danced in the midſt of the Hours, and was going to retire, he eſpied a paper, which he took up and read. "Miſtreſs," ſaid he, to Agnes, in a place that was ſomething dark, "I have juſt found ſome "verſes in anſwer to thoſe you ſhewed "me; do you examine them while I go "to the queen, who beckoned me, and "we will have a good laugh together "when we meet again." Agnes being pleaſed with the miſtake, would not undeceive the dauphin, but took the verſes, and withdrawing a little from the company, found them conceived in theſe terms.

To the VENTUROUS LOVER.

"YOU attempt too much for one en-
"ſlaved; when a man is ſurrounded
"with a thouſand ſpectators, ſilence itſelf
"often ſpeaks too pathetically. Fear the
"concurrence of a ſovereign. The qua-
"lity of huſband makes againſt you;
"beſides, you are inceſſantly obſerved by
"jealous rivals, and ſome who take an
"intereſt in your heart. No ſighs are
"diſcreet; your ſecret is diſcovered; you
"have been guilty of great weakneſſes.
"If you hoped for a happy progreſs, you
"ought to have concealed yourſelf from
"your very miſtreſs."

Agnes was ſtrangely ſurprized to ſee theſe verſes were a continuation of thoſe Madam Villequier had in her keeping; and as ſhe was very intent upon the peruſal of them, Villequier drew near without being ſeen, and had the leiſure to read over her ſhoulder, the title of Venturous Lover; and from thence concluding Agnes had anſwered the verſes which he was

the

the true author of. "Let me be a par-
"taker, Madam," ſaid he, with ſome concern, "of this novelty; but pray do "not impute my curioſity to indiſcretion." Upon this, Agnes turned her head, and finding Villequier in ſome diſorder, began to ſuſpect him. "It is a thing I received "from the dauphin, who took me for "your wife," replied ſhe; "and perhaps "you will gueſs better than I, from "whence it comes, and whitherto it "tends." "It is not difficult," anſwered Villequier, after he had read it, "to ap-"prehend the poet's deſign, but it is not "ſo eaſy to find out his name: Theſe "verſes hint at the king and you; and "ſome third perſon hath as great a ſhare "in them as either; But how comes the "dauphin to be concerned in this in-"trigue? Methinks he is not of a proper "age for a confident." "He told me that "he had found this paper, thinking he ſpoke "to Madam Villequier," replied Agnes: "But pray, Sir, tell me, if you can, who "is meant by that enſlaved man they "pretend to diſcover whether he will or "no; could I but find him out, I would,

"to

"to puniſh his ill conduct and vain de-
"ſigns, publiſh them to all the world."
The king's appearing put a ſtop to her diſcourſe, and obliged Villequier to withdraw; and not thinking fit to ſhew him the verſes, they talked of other ſubjects. But while Villequier was perplexed and troubled at this adventure, the dauphin, who thought he had delivered the verſes to his wife, went and aſked for them, when he had left the queen. His demand amazed Madam Villequier, who perceived he had took ſome other perſon for her; but among twenty-four women, ſo many were ſhaped alike, ſhe could not imagine which it ſhould be. She had loſt Agnes's verſes ſome days before; and when the dauphin told her, that the laſt were in anſwer to them, ſhe made no doubt but they were found, and that this adventure would go farther; immediately a thought came into her head which might prove favourable to her intentions: As ſhe had courage enough to undertake difficulties, ſo ſhe had wit enough to put them in execution; ſhe wrote ſome verſes of her own compoſing, with a reſolution

to

to convey them to the king, who to that time had, in her opinion, loved with too much tranquility. They were as follow:

" An attempt, great Sire, is made upon " your prerogative, and open war declared " againſt a heart due to you alone: But " as no conqueſt of that nature can be " made ſecure, ſo neither in point of love " doth any yield to kings. That fantaſti- " cal divinity diſpenſes great talents to the " meaneſt of mortals; his ſweeteſt and " choiceſt gifts are always reſerved for the " moſt gallant; loud ſighs are not fa- " voured; Cupid loves myſtery, is de- " lighted with night, in which every " thing ſeems agreeable: Finally, the " greateſt pleaſure of a love intrigue con- " ſiſts in ſecrecy. It is true you are a " king, but your only way to be happy, " is to let none be privy to the flame " beſides your miſtreſs."

After the ball of Aurora, Madam Villequier ſet this engine a going, to which ſhe had a thouſand ſprings; the king viſited Agnes every day, found theſe verſes in one

one of his pockets, and read them with as much grief as aſtoniſhment: He endeavoured, at firſt, to find out the hand, but Madam Villequier was too cunning to make uſe of one that could be known. Afterwards, he examined whether it was only a piece of raillery; but at length concluding it was a poſitive, though malicious truth, he returned to Agnes, who ſoon perceived his uneaſineſs. "I know not," ſaid he, accoſting her with a diſmal countenance, "who I am indebted to for "the intelligence, or rather inſtruction, that "is given me in ſome verſes which I have "brought you to peruſe; but let it be "who it will, I find I am not much diſ-"poſed either to reform or to loſe the "good opinion I have of you; and there-"fore I conjure you, Madam, to tell me "ſincerely, without any fear of my be-"traying my truſt, or making any noiſe "of it, what man of all the court hath "given you teſtimonies of his paſſion. "A perſon like you, muſt needs have ſe-"veral adorers, do but name them to "me, and I ſolemnly promiſe never to "mention them more as long as I live."

Fair

Fair Agnes ſaw well that love and jealouſy would expoſe her to ſome trouble, and that it was neceſſary to prepare for it; it was ſo much the more vexatious, becauſe ſhe had ſo little proſpect of ever diſtinguiſhing the enviers from the envy. "If the proofs your majeſty hath hitherto "given me of your goodneſs, and which "I could wiſh," anſwered ſhe, "both for "your glory and my repoſe, were not ſo "great, hath emboldened ſome inſolent "people to ſay more than become them, "I can proteſt I have no hand in it "myſelf, nor was ever told that I was be-"loved. They who act with ſo much "ſubtilty, did doubtleſs ſpend ſome time in "premeditation. Their deſign is to pro-"voke you, to ruin me, and the deſpair "which I am in makes me willing to help "it forward myſelf. Your majeſty muſt "know, that ſome days ſince I found "about my cloaths, in the preſence of "Madam Villequier, a paper of verſes, "which ſhe ſnatched up and carried away; "and I can ſhew you others, which the "dauphin, who took me for Madam "Villequier, gave me at the ball. After

"this,

"this, I leave your majeſty to judge whe-
"ther all theſe different things do not tend
"to the ſame end." She then repeated the firſt verſes, which ſhe eaſily remembered, and ſhewed him thoſe which ſhe had of the dauphin. The more he liſtened to her, the more was he perplexed; but his love being moſt predominant, he turned the diſcourſe wholly upon that ſubject, ſeemed eaſier, and ſatisfied himſelf with running over all his court to gueſs at him who was comprehended in that impenetrable chaos. He proteſted, at her feet, that he was an enemy to all ſuſpicions that could give her the leaſt offence; and that the truſt ſhe repoſed in him had already armed him againſt all future artifices: But how can a man, ſo much in love, and expoſed to ſo much treachery, anſwer for himſelf?

Villequier, who feared his maſter, no leſs than he loved Agnes, took care to manage his looks better, ſince the ball, and depended no longer upon the aſſiſtance of the Muſes. His wife, being more ſharp and undaunted, formed an hundred

different

different projects, in order to ruin innocent Agnes; who, at that time, little imagined that ſhe was her moſt dangerous enemy. She had fruitleſsly endeavoured to render Agnes odious, or ſuſpicious, to the queen; but the conſtant civility of that princeſs obliged her to take other meaſures. She ſtill ſaw, with vexation, a good intelligence between the king and her relation, and concluded that he either deſpiſed or had not found her verſes: But obſerving Agnes (who grew uneaſy) to be more melancholy than ordinary, ſhe had a great curioſity to know the cauſe; and finding her one day alone in the queen's apartment, where ſhe ſat very thoughtful, while the queen was in her cloſet, ſhe ſtept ſoftly behind her, and, without ſpeaking a word, clapped her hands before her eyes. "Who-"ever you are," ſaid Agnes, in a lan-"guiſhing manner, "you much oblige "me by ſhutting out the light, which, "at preſent, is almoſt inſupportable to "me." "I am ſure if it diſpleaſes you," replied Madam Villequier, withdrawing her hands, "it muſt needs be burthen-"ſome to others; but one would think

"your

" your condition is agreeable enough to " make you not only bear the ſun, but " to ſee it with pleaſure." " I know not " how you would like it, were you in " my place," replied Agnes, coolly, " but " muſt own that I meet with no ſuch hap- " pineſs as you imagine." " Why, what is " the matter?" added Madam Villequier, " Is your trouble without remedy?" " It " is ſo difficult to preſcribe any for arti- " fice," continued Agnes, " that I abſo- " lutely deſpair of it. The court is a " ſtrange place to level its darts againſt " the innocent, which I obſerve are often " the ſubject of its diverſion. The verſes " you have came from I do not know " who; the dauphin, by miſtake, gave " me others at the ball, the original of " which I know as little, and the king " has lately imparted ſome to me full of " rancour and malice. The kindneſs his " majeſty has for me is ſo publickly ſhewn, " that it would be in vain to deny it; but " though I truly honour him, I am not " perhaps ſo much delighted with his " courtſhip as people imagine, and begin " to grow out of patience with all theſe

" Muſes,

" Muſes, who, by concealing themſelves,
" deprive me of the ſatisfaction of re-
" venge." " Dear couſin," anſwered Ma-
dam Villequier, very unconcernedly, " be
" adviſed by me, and reſerve your anger
" for more worthy ſubjects: Conſider,
" the advantage lies all on your ſide; the
" king loves you; the queen is not jea-
" lous; you are ſtill far from thoſe years
" which deſtroy the empire of beauty,
" why then ſhould weak envy diſturb your
" repoſe?"

This converſation was interrupted, but not Madam Villequier's deſigns; ſhe ſaw, by the diſturbance of Agnes, that her verſes had not been altogether uſeleſs; and that thoſe ſhe loſt occaſioned the anſwer which the dauphin found at the ball, but knew not who to aſcribe them to any more than Agnes.

She was doubly diligent to Agnes and the king. Her huſband, being very cool ſince he fell in love with Agnes, afforded her nothing but ſour and indifferent looks; and, as ſhe had a great command over her

own, ſhe always ſeemed free; and, the better to deceive him, thought it neceſſary to pretend a concern for the alteration ſhe obſerved in him. "Who would have "thought, when the queen played upon "me for my folly," ſaid ſhe to him, one day, "that the author of it ſhould be "as he is, and that I ſhould have as "much reaſon to complain of, as I then "believed I had to commend him?" "I "think your complaints," replied Villequier, "are wholly groundleſs, finding "nothing in my behaviour that can juſtly "make you repine; it is true I do not "expreſs ſo much fondneſs as I did, the "firſt ardours of love are often inconſi-"derate; but muſt I therefore be eſteemed "leſs ſincere?" "And can you imagine "I think you really ſo?" interrupted ſhe, very abruptly: "I am not very curious, "neither do I ever obſerve you, yet can "eaſily diſcern you have ceaſed loving "me, though you are ſtill in love: The "ſigns of love ſtill appear in your eyes, "and remain in your heart; it is not the "matter but the object that is changed: "But are you not afraid that I ſhould imitate

"you?

" you? Or are you ſo diſintereſted as to " make no reflexion upon the revenge of a " forſaken and provoked woman?" " But " upon what account do you entertain me " with this diſcourſe?" anſwered Villequier: " What gallantries can you accuſe " me of? Or who would receive them?" " Ah! you know very well," continued Madam Villequier, " they who love to " pleaſe, reliſh all ſorts of tribute. I " need not fear that the diſcovery of my " jealouſy ſhould make you ſick, knowing " you are proof againſt every thing I can " ſay."

This diſpute went no further; but the diſorder Madam Villequier obſerved in her huſband's eyes, made her conclude that he was in love, and ſhe fancied it might be with Agnes. This thought enraged her; ſhe reſolved to find out the truth, and to that end affected a great unconcernedneſs, knowing it would further her deſigns.

Biron, a young man as agreeable in converſation as brave in war, had found the verſes loſt by Madam Villequier; the ex-

perience which he had of love made him very expert, which, joined to a great ſhare of natural wit and ſubtilty, ſoon gave him an inſight into all things relating to that paſſion: Thus it was not difficult for him to perceive the inclination which Villequier had for Mademoiſelle Fromenteau, upon which he made thoſe verſes which the dauphin found, and dropt them at a venture. Madam Villequier was, in his judgment, too beautiful to be abandoned; he could not but pity her; and, upon a more frequent converſe, found the intereſt which he took in her, exceeded a bare compaſſion, and thought himſelf obliged, in point of honour, to chaſtiſe a fickle man, and revenge one of the moſt amiable women in France. He viſited Madam Villequier with great reſpect and application, and ſoon loved, to the loſs of his reaſon, being ready to ſacrifice every thing to the object that charmed him. The conqueſt of Biron was not deſpicable, he was of an age proper for love, and had a thouſand charms, both in wit and perſon, peculiar to him: And though his quality at court was not of the firſt rank, his birth and employ-

employments were conſiderable enough to give him a good reception wherever he went.

Though Madam Villequier aimed more directly at the king's heart, ſhe was not leſs ambitious of pleaſing others; and as ſhe wanted a zealous and reſolute perſon to make uſe of when occaſion ſerved, ſhe did not neglect Biron, but ſeconded the power of her beauty with a complaiſance that was no leſs engaging. Biron had every where free admittance; Villequier was one of his friends, and he often attended the dauphin (whoſe houſe he belonged to) when he viſited Madam Villequier; by theſe means he ſaw her every day, and was likewiſe looked upon with a favourable eye.

Biron's affairs were extremely advanced in a few months time; the truſt Madam Villequier repoſed in him demonſtrated his advantages. "You ſpeak in ſuch a pre-"vailing manner," ſaid ſhe to him, one day, "that I cannot reſiſt it. Why ſhould "the charms of that tongue make me

" guilty of a credulity which I had once vow-
" ed againſt ?" " Ah ! what would become
" of me ?" replied Biron : " How could
" I live ? What torments ſhould I endure,
" did not your goodneſs prompt you to
" favour me ?" " How many times have
" you made ſuch proteſtations as theſe,"
interrupted ſhe, " and how many weak
" ladies have you deceived by them ?"
" I do not tell you I never was in love,"
anſwered Biron, " but can ſincerely pro-
" teſt, I never felt any paſſion comparable
" to that I have for you." " But you
" muſt know, Monſieur Biron," continued
ſhe, fixing her eyes upon him, " that
" beauty, gallantry, diligence, nay, and
" love itſelf, are not ſufficient to pleaſe,
" and gain upon me, unleſs that love be
" violent enough to undertake very diffi-
" cult things upon my account." " I
" ſhall only anſwer you by my actions,
Madam," replied Biron ; " do but put me
" to the trial, and you ſhall ſee what I
" can do to ſerve you."

This aſſurance gave no ſmall joy to a woman who wanted ſuch a confederate

in

in her wickedneſs. Biron belonging to the dauphin, his frequent viſits were not at all wondered at. Thus they had all the liberty they could deſire of plotting great crimes, and of putting them in execution.

Villequier, in ſpite of the ill ſucceſs of his verſes, ſtill took all opportunities of following Agnes; and Biron playing the part of an Argus, poſitively aſſured Madam Villequier that her huſband was the king's rival; their conjectures were ſoon converted into certainty; but thinking it would look ſuſpicious in them to publiſh that amour, they rather agreed to ſpeak of it before the dauphin only, which they did with ſo little reſerve, that, that young, proud, indiſcreet prince, who perfectly hated Agnes, was but too careful to ſpread the news, and began the raillery with Agnes herſelf. He called (as was remarked before) Madam Villequier miſtreſs, paid her the reſpects of a lover, made uſe of the ſame expreſſions, and might perhaps have ſatisfied a part of that woman's vanity, had his age been

ſuitable to his converſation. "The con-
"queſt you have made of Villequier,
"Madam," ſaid he, one day, to Agnes,
finding her in the queen's apartment,
"has done me a very good office, and
"may probably make his wife, whom
"I have a great love for, prove more
"favourable. The only thing that con-
"cerns me, is to think how much that
"paſſion oppoſes the king's intereſt."
Though the prince laughed as he pro-
nounced theſe words, they did not fail of
working the deſired effect; a moment's
reflexion unveiled the whole myſtery.
Agnes immediately concluded the dau-
phin did not declare his own, ſo much
as the ſentiments of others; and was
then convinced that nothing but love
could really induce Villequier to be ſo
officious, and look ſo much upon her.
This thought mortally afflicted her. She
did not only dread the king's juſt jea-
louſy, but the report of this new paſſion,
which the ſmall eſteem ſhe had for Ville-
quier made her bear with great impa-
tience; for ſhe doubted not but it would

be

be ſufficiently divulged, ſince it was committed to the diſcretion of a youth, who hated her more than ſilence. "Had I, "Sir," anſwered ſhe, "done you any good "office, I fear that it would be a great "mortification to you to ſee yourſelf "obliged to extol the generoſity of a per-"ſon, who, it is well known, is your "averſion." "Since you did it, perhaps, "whether you would or no," replied the prince, "I am the leſs indebted to you; "but, after all, the poſſeſſion of the heart "of a man of merit, ſhould, methinks, "make full amends for every thing elſe."

The ſight of the king broke off the dauphin's diſcourſe, who retired, and reſigned to his father a place which none diſputed. The king perceiving Agnes in ſome diſorder, and diſpoſed to be angry, "If I thought," ſaid he, "that that little "audacious youth, whom you juſt now part-"ed with, had done any thing to diſpleaſe "you, I would puniſh him ſo ſeverely, "that he ſhould not relapſe into the ſame "fault as long as he lived." "Since the "dauphin

" dauphin is your majeſty's ſon," anſwered Agnes, " I need no other obligation to " look upon all he does, as well as liſten " to all he ſays, without ever making " the leaſt complaint; neither ſhould I " forgive myſelf, if the ill uſage which he " received on my account, ſhould incur the " queen's diſpleaſure." " The queen is " too equitable," replied the king, " not " to condemn her ſon's ill conduct: But " pray, Madam, do not conceal what he " ſaid; I have already diſcovered it was " ſomething provoking, both by his joy " and your diſturbance." " I am afraid " it will make you angry," anſwered Agnes, bluſhing; " and unleſs your ma- " jeſty promiſes to take no notice. . . ." " Well, I do promiſe," interrupted the impatient king. She then repeated the dauphin's little raillery; proteſting, at the ſame time, that Villequier had never explained himſelf otherwiſe than in thoſe verſes, which ſhe now perceived came from him.

The king was at firſt ſo enraged, that Agnes repented her eaſineſs; but the influence

fluence ſhe had over him, did, in a little time, calm that violent ſtorm.

His tranquility did not laſt long; Biron, being wholly devoted to the unjuſt envy of Madam Villequier, ſerved her ſo faithfully, and with ſuch pernicious cunning, that in a few days he caſt a thouſand jealous fancies into the king's head; and Agnes had the grief to ſee that all the confidence he repoſed in her, would not be able to withſtand the calumniating tongues of her enemies. She, however, took all neceſſary cautions to prevent a ſtorm, and, to that end, avoided Villequier at all times, and in all places: But finding the evil increaſe, and that envy and artifice were both in league againſt her, ſhe imparted to the king a poſitive reſolution of removing from court: He did what he could to oppoſe it, but all in vain; ſhe perſiſted in it with an immoveable perſeverance; telling him, with much conſtancy, that ſhe would not ſtay till the uneaſineſs, which he could not ſometimes forbear ſhewing, was grown up into a real anger.

Villequier,

Villequier, perceiving his paſſion was diſcovered, endeavoured to diſguiſe it, by making his applications to other women; but he could not impoſe upon the perſons concerned. The king would fain have baniſhed him; but the fear of offending Agnes, who was againſt it, prevented his exile.

At length, ſhe left the court, in ſpite of all that the king could urge to the contrary, and retired to a very fine ſeat of her's, near Jumiege, in Normandy; and though Madam Villequier did not attend her in perſon, ſhe purſued her with all her malice. Agnes met with a thouſand charms in that agreeable ſolitude, which ſhe had never taſted in the midſt of the greateſt diverſions of the court. The king, being unable to bear her abſence, was perpetually calling her back, but found that ſhe would not obey; her enemies took hold of that pretence, to inſinuate that her retreat was only to favour other intrigues. The king fell ſick of grief and jealouſy, during which, Madam Villequier and Biron dealt with ſome deteſtable wretches

who

who contrived to poiſon the too beautiful and too unhappy Agnes; who, though ſhe knew the cauſe of her death, bore it with admirable conſtancy. Her life was ſhort, yet, nevertheleſs, long enough to make full experience of the dangers which attend the advantage of beauty. Biron was but ill requited afterwards, for his unworthy and ungenerous compliance; Villequier ſought conſolation in war; but the king was in a deplorable condition: As he had not a thorough knowledge of Madam Villequier, and was conſequently ignorant to what degree ſhe was criminal, he always gave her ſuch diſtinguiſhing marks of favour for the ſake of the amiable Agnes, that ſome were apt to believe that ſhe had really ſucceeded her. The dauphin was tranſported with joy at the death of Agnes, but the queen, being truly generous, bewailed it very ſincerely. Such was the unfortunate end of the moſt beautiful creature that France could ever boaſt of. That kingdom, as ſeveral noted authors can teſtify, always held her memory in great eſteem. Never did any prince's

favourite

favourite make ſuch a generous uſe of his favours, as ſhe did of the king's, and which ſhe did wholly for the benefit of others. The pains ſhe took to incite him to war, covered her with no ſmall glory; and the illuſtrious applauſes which are given to that action by king Francis the Firſt, make her memory immortal.

NANTILDA,

NANTILDA, *under* DAGOBERT, *King of* France.

CLOTHARIUS the Second had no ſooner revenged the cruelties of Brunehault, but he glorioufly finiſhed his life, (which he received from an unchaſte mother, and a father more remarkable for weakneſſes than virtue) leaving the throne to Dagobert his eldeſt ſon, and to young Aribert an appennage ſuitable to his birth.

Few men of dignity were ever obſerved ſo full of contrary qualities as Dagobert. He was ſtout and handſome from his very birth, and piety ſeemed no leſs natural to him, as may be judged by thoſe monuments of it which are ſtill remaining; but this fair outſide was ſo clouded with ſeveral irregular paſſions, that he cannot, with

with juſtice, be reckoned amongſt the kings of an irreproachable memory.

In his father's time he married Gertrude, princeſs of the blood of Clodion, whoſe humour ſympathized ſo little with his, that he divorced her ſome time after, under a pretence of barrenneſs.

Dagobert had a tender ſoul, but was ſo averſe to ſufferings, that he could not bear any pleaſure mixed with pain.

Pride made him at firſt refuſe to do juſtice to his brother Aribert; but the biſhop of Metz reduced him to reaſon, and Aribert had for his ſhare, the provinces beyond the Loire, towards Aquitain, reaching to the foot of the Pyrenean hills. After this, the two brothers lived in perfect good intelligence; Aribert behaving himſelf with great reſpect, and Dagobert without haughtineſs; and all the people were much ſatisfied with their reconciliation.

They

They were extreme lovers of hunting; and one day followed the chace ſo eagerly, that they found themſelves alone, tired and thirſty, in a place wholly unknown to them. Their violent thirſt made them deſcend into a valley, which they ran over without finding any water, when all of a ſudden a very agreeable ſcene appeared before them; it was a great houſe in the midſt of ſeveral rows of trees, which ſeemed very ſolitary; and a croſs which they obſerved over the door, made them apprehend it was a convent. Crowned heads having great privileges every where, the princes followed a long wall, and finding a little door half open, they tied their horſes, and entered a ſpacious garden, which the darkneſs that began to overſpread the earth would not give them leave to obſerve the beauties of. The king and Aribert knowing they might, without danger, purſue that adventure farther, advanced into a great covered walk, where they heard theſe words ſung in a very fine voice.

" How long ſhall I wear theſe trou-
" bleſome fetters and burthenſome chains?
" Muſt I for ever languiſh in captivity?
" O, happy Liberty! Can you do no-
" thing for me? Come, O come, and
" put an end to my miſery, for I im-
" patiently expect you."

" I confeſs," ſaid a woman, who had liſtened to the other, " it is a great piece
" of cruelty to bury ſo many charms in
" this retreat, and condemn them to a
" perpetual reſtraint: But ſince there is
" no proſpect, my dear Nantilda, of mak-
" ing new laws in your favour, the beſt
" way is to ſubmit to a neceſſary evil."
" No!" anſwered Nantilda, " I have not
" power to do it; my utmoſt endeavours
" produce nothing but deſpair; and I
" cannot, with tolerable patience, bear
" a yoke impoſed upon me merely by
" force. The vows I have made are not
" ſincere, my parents authority hath pro-
" miſed all without my conſent, and hea-
" ven itſelf cannot be offended at a reluct-
" ance which it hath given me: In ſhort,

" Eugenia,

"Eugenia, if I die not ſuddenly, I ſhall "live very miſerable." "But," replied Eugenia, "what do you propoſe? For which way can you get out of this labyrinth without hazarding your reputation?" "Why I would endeavour," purſued Nantilda, "to acquaint the king with the op-"preſſion which I lie under, who, I know, "is both too wiſe and pious to connive "at ſacrilege."

The princes liſtened to this diſcourſe with great attention; it filled Dagobert with a ſecret joy; Nantilda's condition moved him to pity, and her ſong to ſomething more; and though he was not altogether ſo devout as that fair recluſe imagined, he neverthleſs looked upon ſuch involuntary ſacrifices as an offence againſt religion, and thought that ſo many young victims did not murmur without reaſon.

He ſtepped forward to adminiſter ſome comfort to Nantilda, and offer her a favourable protection, when ſhe and Eu-

genia, hearing the abbeſs, made a haſty retreat. Dagobert, not being able to comprehend the meaning of this ſudden flight, began to fancy ſhe had ſeen him; and running after her as faſt as he could, "Stay, Madam," ſaid he, "and do "not take ſuch pains to avoid the very "perſon whoſe aſſiſtance you would im-"plore." Theſe words did not reach Nantilda, who was got far enough off, but the abbeſs heard them diſtinctly, and not underſtanding what they meant, her ſurprize, or perhaps joy, to ſee two men ſo near her, made her ſcream out; thoſe ſort of apparitions being ſomething rare in that place. The king, taking her ſtill for Nantilda, did all he could to diſperſe her fears; and, to that effect, drawing nearer, with a ſubmiſſion capable to re-aſſure her; "Why ſhould you be "diſturbed, Madam," ſaid he, "when "fortune brings a prince, whom you "called to your relief, and a prince who "offers you all that he is maſter of." The abbeſs being more than ripe, and conſequently of an age that obliged her to

put

put on ſeverity; "Whoever you are," replied ſhe, "whether prince or private "perſon, I wonder how you dare attempt "to prophane a holy ſanctuary, which "God hath beſtowed upon his choſen "wives: Tremble at your wickedneſs, and leave us our innocence." This anſwer, though wrapped up in an apparent devotion, ſeemed, nevertheleſs, ſharp to Dagobert, who, perceiving by her ſcrupulous voice, that Nantilda had made her eſcape, was ſo vexed at the diſappointment, that he had not patience to be civil. "I am a man," replied he, "much above the neceſſity of giving an "account of myſelf to any perſon whatſoever; I took you for what you are "not, and care as little, at preſent, what "you are. As to your holy places, all "the world may prophane them as well "as me; and paſſengers are emboldened "to take great liberties, where the avenues are ſo ill guarded." Theſe bold "words made the abbeſs conclude he that ſpake them was no common perſon: "Be not ſurprized, my lord," replied ſhe,

more mildly, " to ſee me frighted at an " adventure which is rarely met with in " ſuch places; and if, through negli- " gence, any of our paſſages are left " open, I have the more reaſon to be " concerned, being bound to anſwer for " the irregularities of a weak body, of " which I am the head." Though Nantilda ran much in the king's mind, he reſolved to command himſelf a little, when he found he was talking with the abbeſs. " If chance, added he, " hath " conducted me hither, you have no rea- " ſon to be concerned at it, ſince my " intentions are good, my condition is " royal, and my name is Dagobert." " Ah! good my lord, pardon me," cried the abbeſs, " and be pleaſed to impute " to ignorance the reproaches I have been " guilty of to the wiſeſt prince in the " world." " I will freely forgive you, " Madam," anſwered the king, " pro- " vided you will excuſe the trouble our " going aſtray hath given you. My bro- " ther and I having loſt ourſelves as we " were hunting, wandered as far as this

" garden,

" garden, where finding a door open, " and being ignorant which way it would " lead us, we came in with a deſign to " aſk for drink, but were ſtopped by " the voices of ſome women, who fled " away as ſoon as ever you entered the " garden. This is the naked truth. But " pray, Madam, tell me who and what " ſort of perſon Nantilda is." " Nan- " tilda, my lord," purſued the abbeſs, " is the moſt beautiful, and withal the " moſt diſcontented young woman in the " world: Her father was Landry's bro- " ther, who forced her to turn nun, that " he might make her only ſiſter, who " is not ſo bountifully furniſhed with the " gifts of nature, a better fortune." " Had " Nantilda," anſwered the king, " firſt " made choice of this ſort of life, and " afterwards took a diſtaſte to it, merely " out of humour, I ſhould condemn her " without indulgence; but ſince ſhe is " confined here, and made the vow con- " trary to her inclinations, I cannot but " pity her, and think that you are bound in " conſcience to ſet her at liberty. How

"can you imagine that a woman, full of "worldly deſires, ſhould be a fit votary "to religion, where, inſtead of the "promiſed heaven, ſhe meets with no-"thing but a hell." "Since I have not "the power to diſpenſe with vows," replied the abbeſs, "ſhe muſt e'en reſolve "to mortify herſelf, till we have better "authority for it, than her reluctancy "can give us." "Methinks you grow "very imperious again, Madam," added the king, "and while you accuſe me "of prophaneneſs, are yourſelf guilty of "ſacrilege. But, ſince we have proceed-"ed ſo far, I muſt needs ſpeak with "Nantilda, and endeavour not only to "releaſe her from an uneaſy confine-"ment, but likewiſe free you from "her importunate complaints. I know "that this is not a ſeaſonable hour for "the purpoſe, but you muſt excuſe "me, if to-morrow I make you a more "formal viſit." The king then went away, and was no ſooner out of the garden, but prince Aribert ſounded a horn which he carried about him, which brought

ſeveral

ſeveral hunters to the place. It being too late to return to Paris, the princes ſpent the night at a nobleman's houſe, not far off, whither their attendants conducted them; and the next day Dagobert's impatient curioſity led him back to the convent, to which he took his brother along with him.

The king of France having the reputation of a religious man, was not willing to belie it, but began with hearing maſs, at which he behaved himſelf very devoutly, in appearance; the underſtanding not being requiſite in that myſtery; and having paid what was due to cuſtom, he took the privilege of his dignity, and entered the convent with his brother Aribert; he there ſaw the abbeſs, whoſe face did not in the leaſt ſet off the ſimplicity of her dreſs; and aſking for Nantilda, ſhe could not avoid letting her make her appearance. She came (as one may ſay) accompanied with all the graces: She was near twenty years of age, had a fine eaſy ſhape, a majeſtic mien,

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in ſpite of her inartificial negligence, and never was any face ſo full of various charms. She made ſad havock with the hearts of theſe princes, who were altogether defenceleſs, and unprepared for ſuch dangerous arms. Dagobert ſunk under their power; and Aribert made not one moment's reſiſtance: Thus Cupid ſecured two illuſtrious conqueſts, to a beauty who, but an hour before, had abſolutely deſpaired of ever making any.

Though the king had a very good preſence, the princeſs's was no ways inferior; and that young lady having ſeen nothing for a long time but diſagreeable hypocritical friars, was ſo taken with this novelty, that it raiſed a bluſh in her cheeks, which ſtill added to her beauty. They all kept ſilence for ſome moments; but the king breaking it at length, ſaid to Nantilda, "You are doubtleſs the moſt "charming creature in the univerſe, and "I wonder that any one can be ſo "barbarous as to deny you the ſociety "of the world, againſt all law and "reaſon."

"reaſon." "My lord," anſwered Nantilda, with a modeſt and moving grace, "I am ſenſible that there is nothing ſo "extraordinary in the beauty which your "majeſty ſpeaks ſo obligingly of, neither "ſhould I complain of them who placed "me here upon that ſcore, had my in-"clinations correſponded with them; but "finding myſelf unfit to perform all the "duties of a life which requires ſtrict "holineſs in the leaſt actions, I would "willingly be excuſed from them; and I "cannot let ſlip this favourable oc-"caſion to throw myſelf at your ma-"jeſty's feet, and implore your pro-"tection againſt thoſe who tyrannize "over me."

Dagobert could not ſee one, who began to reign in his heart, in ſuch a ſubmiſſive poſture before him, without an extreme concern. "I promiſe to do "whatever lies in my power for you, "Madam," replied he, raiſing her with much reſpect; "and, if I have any "credit, you ſhall be releaſed. I leave

"Nan-

"Nantilda in charge with you, Madam," ſaid he, to the abbeſs: "Pray remem-"ber it is a truſt which I commit to, and "ſhall require at your hands; and of which "I beg you would give me a good ac-"count." The reverence of the place not permitting Dagobert to ſay more, or tell his thoughts at that time, he went away violently in love with Nantilda, and left her very impatient to ſee the effects of his promiſe, and no leſs ſenſible of the obligations ſhe had to him; the reflexion of which were ſoon followed with more tender ſentiments.

Aribert admired her as much as the king his brother, only with this difference; the one loved without hope, and the other with all the advantage that the title and authority of a ſovereign could give. Though Aribert had a very tender ſoul, and was capable of the moſt violent paſſions, yet his diſcretion made him take great care of appearances; and the command he had over himſelf, ever kept them within due limits. Dagobert, on

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the other hand, made no myſtery of his growing paſſion; Nantilda was the only name he could pronounce; and no terms were, in his opinion, moving enough to repreſent her charms. "Brother," ſaid he, to the prince, as they travelled upon the road, "Do not you think all the wo-"men we have ſeen hitherto, ugly in "compariſon of Nantilda?" "She is "doubtleſs very amiable," replied Aribert. "And I will engage," added the king, "you will never ſee any thing "like her as long as you live." "You "muſt needs be ſtrangely prepoſſeſſed, "indeed, my lord," purſued Aribert, laughing, "to anſwer ſo boldly for the "future." "I am ſo," replied Dagobert, "and to that degree that I am no longer "myſelf: For ſince Nantilda hath my "heart, I think my crown, which ſhe "is welcome to ſhare with me, would "be but a mean preſent." This free confeſſion put Aribert to the bluſh, who was ſenſibly grieved at his brother's deſigns. "But do you think, my lord, continued he, "that the ſtrict obliga-

"tions

" tions which Nantilda lies under, will ever
" permit her to be your's; and provided
" they ſhould, would you, who are a
" profeſſor of juſtice and religion, act
" contrary to both, only to gratify your
" fancy?" " I would commit no inde-
" cency," replied Dagobert; neither do
" I think the pope will refuſe a diſpen-
" ſation (which is not without precedent)
" to ſuch a man as myſelf; but ſuppoſe
" he ſhould, where is the crime of de-
" livering a young woman from an oppreſ-
" ſion which ſhe unjuſtly groans under."
" Ah! my lord," replied Aribert, " you
" who are in the way of holineſs, and
" whom common opinion hath already
" almoſt canonized for a ſaint, ſhould
" not, by infringing old cuſtoms, forfeit the
" eſteem which all the world hath for you.
" The pontifs of Rome are not over
" patient, and can afford excommunica-
" tions at ſuch eaſy rates, that they would
" undoubtedly take upon them to con-
" demn any proceeding of that nature."
" To deal ingenuouſly with you," an-
ſwered Dagobert, " I do not much dread

" thoſe

" thoſe ſort of ſtorms, and think a ſmall " ſtock of reaſon ſufficient to put any " man above their tyranny. However, " were I to forfeit the title which you ſay " they have given me, and ſhould the " foundation of St. Denis prove uſeleſs " to my memory, I am reſolved that my " authority ſhall not be ſo, either to my " love, or Nantilda's repoſe."

Aribert, finding that his brother's happineſs would be full as inſupportable to him as another rival's, could not hear this definitive ſentence without an exceſſive grief, but had ſo accuſtomed himſelf to force his humour, that it was not perceived; he therefore re-entered Paris with the king.

In the mean time, Nantilda received a ſevere reprimand from the abbeſs, who reproached her with ſinging her grievances in a place from whence ſhe probably foreſaw they would be overheard: But her tart diſcourſe made no impreſſion upon Nantilda, who feared nothing,

ſince

ſince ſhe was promiſed the protection of a king who ſeemed ſo well intentioned towards her.

"Let her ſcold as much as ſhe pleaſe, "Eugenia," ſaid ſhe, to that young woman who was her confidant, "as long "as my hopes will ſweeten the bitter- "neſs of her anger; for every thing "tells me I ſhall be freed." "Nothing "ought to convince you ſo much of it "as your looking-glaſs," anſwered Eugenia, laughing, "ſince your beauty hath "in one moment done more than ſeve- "ral years complaints. The king is "certainly in love with you; and I am "much miſtaken if the luſtre of a crown "doth not diſperſe the obſcurity of your "veil." "I wonder you ſhould enter- "tain ſuch thoughts," replied Nantilda: "I! think of a throne, alas! it is enough "for me that Dagobert's favourable hand "cuts the knot which ties me here. "No doubt but he is ordained for ſome "great princeſs, for no other can pre- "tend to ſupply Gertrude's place."

"Though

"Though you have not a title," purſued Eugenia, "your ſoul is at leaſt fit "for it; and I am perſuaded that the king "will not draw you from hence to yield "you up to any other: All his actions "intimated as much, and you muſt be "blind, in point of love, not to per-"ceive it." "As I expected nothing "from Dagobert," purſued Nantilda, laughing, alſo, "beyond bounty and "compaſſion, I muſt confeſs I did not "diſcover the love you ſpeak of: But "Eugenia," continued ſhe, with an air which ſavoured nothing of captivity, "if "you prove a propheteſs, and I a queen, "I here promiſe to beſtow a place "upon you anſwerable to your merit." "If you meaſure that by my affection," anſwered Eugenia, "I am ſure it will "be one of the beſt; and being but "a novice, I ſhall have no need of the "pope's deciſion to qualify me for it: "But pray remember your promiſe, and "conſider my averſion to the convent "is not much leſs than your's. I can-"not ſay, dear Nantilda, I am wholly in-

"fluenced by your example, or led by "a ſpirit of libertiniſm, but rather diſ-"guſted at their ſuperſtitious cuſtoms, "and the ill uſe they make of holineſs: "For, after all, there is ſo much ſuper-"fluity, and ſo little ſenſe in a monaſtic "life, that I wonder how any wiſe people "can voluntarily embrace it. Do but "reflect upon the negligence and lazi-"neſs of our monks; the extravagance "and ſlovenlineſs of their dreſs, which "they affect as a piece of merit; as "if a pure God, whoſe immenſity is "perpetually active, took delight in a de-"vout idleneſs, and an affected naſtineſs. "Nay, do but examine the moſt tole-"rable of our directors, and, if you "are ſincere, I am ſure you cannot but "own that they are enough to make your "heart ſick of a convent." "I readily "grant all you ſay," replied Nantilda; "but they will tell you, exterior orna-"ments and graces are not neceſſary "upon a tribunal." "No, nor modeſty "neither, if we may believe them," added Eugenia, bluſhing. "Ah! I dare

"lay

"lay a wager," ſaid Nantilda, laughing very heartily, "your father confeſſor has "ſtarted ſome nice queſtion; and as you "are not ſo ignorant as they were in "the days of Adam, do not doubt but "you gave him a very pertinent anſwer." "I muſt confeſs, his leſſons are not very "edifying," replied Eugenia, "and am "convinced I ſhall never learn to re-"gulate my life under ſuch a teacher." They had ſaid more, had they not been interrupted: But, ſince the king's viſit, the abbeſs ordered a ſtrict eye ſhould be kept upon Nantilda, not doubting but a protection like his, had doubled her diſguſt to the convent.

Dagobert, in the mean time, played the part of a warm lover; for having conſulted ſome prelates, who had the art of removing ſcruples, he returned to the convent, and, upon a ſecond view, diſcovered more beauty in Nantilda than he did before; her wit was ſo uncommon, and her thoughts ſo nicely turned, that he was more charmed than ever, and

reſolved to leave nothing unattempted to make himſelf maſter of ſo many attractions.

The doctors appointed to decide caſes of conſcience, having no principle beyond complaiſance, declared Nantilda's vows unlawful and invalid, becauſe forced; and he that pronounced this favourable ſentence was well rewarded for his pains.

Finally, Nantilda, in ſpite of the abbeſs and all the nuns, (who only condemned her conduct becauſe they envied her happineſs) was drawn from the convent with her dear and flattering Eugenia, who though but a novice, did not deſire the honour of turning nun.

If Nantilda looked ſo handſome in a veil and hood, without ornament, how adorable did ſhe appear to Dagobert, when art ſeconding nature, and rich cloaths faſhionably made up and modiſhly put on, ſhewed the exact proportion of her ſhape! The firſt thing he did was

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to order her an equipage ſuitable to a princeſs; and when he had ſome days taſted the pleaſure of hearing his amorous ſighs applauded by an inſinuating tongue, he publickly married Nantilda, crowned her with great pomp and ſolemnity, and thought himſelf very happy in being able to give ſuch a demonſtrable proof of his ardent affection. The new queen did not forget her promiſe to the witty Eugenia, who was advanced to a high degree of favour: It was then the news of their good fortune made all their old companions ſigh for envy.

Queen Nantilda's behaviour being no leſs engaging than her perſon, charmed all who approached her; and ſhe was ſo generally beloved, that none opened their mouths to object againſt the king's choice; ſince the beautiful head that enchanted him was found worthy to bear the rich burthen with which it was adorned. But the general joy afforded no relief to prince Aribert, who was equally tortured with love and deſpair; for he adored Nantilda

to diſtraction, without any proſpect either of renouncing his paſſion, or diſturbing his brother's happineſs. He, nevertheleſs, impoſed ſilence upon himſelf with more rigour than ever, and religiouſly obeyed the fatal neceſſity of ſmothering his affection.

Dagobert perceived his uneaſineſs, and could ſcarce bear to ſee his felicity diſturbed with ſuch cloudy looks; he therefore uſed his utmoſt endeavours to divert Aribert's melancholy; and thinking he might be diſſatisfied with his appennage, though very conſiderable, he added whole provinces to it, and ſtiled him King of Aquitain. But theſe titles, as glorious as they were, could not reeſtabliſh his loſt repoſe: His ſadneſs accompanied him to Gaſcoigny, where having ſubdued ſome revolters, with admirable valour, he returned to Dagobert's court, being dragged by the violence of his ſecret flame, which neither abſence nor reaſon were able to extinguiſh.

The

The queen kept her aſcendant over the king, who placed his happineſs wholly in her, and the hopes of a ſucceſſor; the people likewiſe ardently wiſhed for the latter, the want of which had coſt Gertrude ſo very dear.

Dagobert being about that time obliged to viſit ſome of his provinces, Nantilda had a great mind to go along with him, but his kindneſs oppoſed her intentions. He was unwilling to expoſe her to the fatigues of a long journey, and moderated her grief by the promiſe of a ſpeedy return. The diſcreet and ſad Aribert might then have ſtaid with Nantilda, without giving the leaſt ſuſpicion; but diſtruſting his own prudence, and afraid to run the hazard of leſſening it, he rather choſe to attend the king, though, at the ſame time, he denied himſelf the only pleaſure that he was permitted to enjoy.

They paſſed through no place where their preſence was not ſolemnized with

all ſorts of diverſions. Every one was ambitious to have a ſight of ſuch great princes; and women as well as men, of all ſorts and degrees, came flocking wherever they appeared.

The Count of Blois, who paid the honours of that town in a moſt magnificent manner, had gathered all the beauties thereabouts to ſet off a great ball which he deſigned ſhould be at his own expence. Several of theſe young perſons, though educated far from court, were very finely bred; but none pleaſed the king like Reguertrude, whoſe dancing much exceeded the reſt. She was then in her eighteenth year. The ſparkling brightneſs of her eyes dazzled all who looked upon them, and the extreme whiteneſs of her ſkin made others ſeem brown, when near her. Her cloaths were both rich and genteel; ſhe was finely ſhaped; had an eaſy carriage; a lively air; and ſo many charms accompanied her actions, that Dagobert did not only forget he was a huſband tenderly be-

loved,

loved, but likewiſe that he was ſo to the moſt beautiful creature in Europe. He wholly applied himſelf to Reguertrude, ſaid all the fine things proper to pleaſe upon ſuch an occaſion; and that vain young woman being a little coquetiſh, was ſo proud of the glory of captivating a king, that ſhe neglected nothing to preſerve a conqueſt which ſhe thought it ſo much her intereſt to promote.

The next day Dagobert evidenced his love for Reguertrude, by the favours which he conferred upon her family; obliging the Count of Blois, who was at variance with her father, not only to a reconciliation, but to reſign ſomething up that had occaſioned the diſpute. Theſe graces and benefits, added to love, were gratefully requited by Reguertrude, as plainly appeared ſome months after.

As the actions of kings are never private, ſo the diſcourſe of Dagobert's new miſtreſs was quickly carried to the ears of Nantilda. Aribert finding Reguertrude much

much inferior to the queen upon all accounts, was ſtrangely ſurprized when he firſt perceived his brother's paſſion for the former, and could not forbear repining at his irregular conduct, as well as judge him unworthy to poſſeſs a treaſure which he did not underſtand the value of ſo well as himſelf.

The admirable Nantilda wrote to the king in very moving but mild terms, imputing his cruel infidelity to her misfortune and demerits, rather than to his levity: But the aſcendant of Reguertrude would take its courſe, in ſpite of all her circumſpection; for, at Dagobert's return, that proud miſtreſs lay-in at Orleans of a ſon, named Sigebert by the king of Aquitain. Dagobert being of a volatile temper, found his affections for Reguertrude inſenſibly decay as he drew near Nantilda, whom he long'd to ſee again with as much impatience as ever.

Though the queen had a tender ſoul, ſhe did not want ſpirit, and could not

forbear

forbear repining at the king, as ſhe unboſomed her griefs to Eugenia. "Who "would have thought," ſaid ſhe, "that a "prince who had loaded me with be-"nefits, and made ſo many proteſtations "of love, ſhould ſo ſoon be capable of "giving ſuch public teſtimonies of it to "another. Ah! how pernicious is the "ſociety of men, and how inſincere their "promiſes? I once believed no evil could "befal me with Dagobert; but am now "convinced heaven puniſhes my impiety, "and that my ſufferings are not greater "than I deſerve." "Your majeſty judges "yourſelf with too much ſeverity," anſwered Eugenia, "and ſhould not, in my "opinion, ſo highly reſent a little fleet-"ing trial of this nature, for I am con-"fident it will proceed no further: You "are not made to be abandoned; the "king will certainly return to you, Ma-"dam, I dare anſwer for it. Reguertrude "hath been too eaſy, and the weakneſs "of that coquet will ſtill enhance his "value for your virtue." "O flattering "Eugenia!" purſued the queen, "thou

"only

" only ſpeak'ſt as thou would'ſt have it." " Not only ſo," continued that young lady, but as your majeſty will find it, too, or I am much miſtaken.

At length Dagobert, after having a thouſand times put the queen's patience to the teſt by a tedious abſence, returned to Paris, where Reguertrude ſoon followed him: And Aribert, though he ſtill combated the violent bent of his inclinations, could not withſtand the temptation of approaching Nantilda, whom he found very penſive, melancholy, and ſo truly concerned at the king's fickleneſs, that Aribert thought him more criminal than before, though he never approved thoſe liberties which moſt men take as allowable to their ſex.

Dagobert, being well acquainted with the ſweetneſs of Nantilda's diſpoſition, preſented himſelf before her with as great an aſſurance as if he had done her no injury; and, what was more exaſperating, ſhewed a perfect ſerenity in his looks:

And

And it is certain that the ſatisfaction he received at the birth of Sigebert, was no ſmall advantage to Reguertrude.

As the queen was not ignorant of the rules which an exact decency preſcribes to wiſe and prudent women, ſhe did not fail of receiving her huſband with a moſt profound reſpect; but it was tempered with much coldneſs, and wholly void of ſuch careſſing tranſports as were obſerved at the beginning of her happineſs. Nothing was capable to leſſen her charms, and the king being ſatiated with Reguertrude, found new graces in Nantilda. Thus Cupid made uſe of the ſame weapons as before, to take that fair princeſs's revenge, by making deeper wounds in the heart of Dagobert than ever. Her reſervedneſs in public was not at all ſurprizing; but finding her coolneſs continued in private, "How! Madam," ſaid he, "Cannot you afford a huſband a "better reception, after he hath been "a whole year from you? Hath abſence "then taught you to uſe him unkindly?"

"As

" As I have received no inſtructions from
" abſence, my lord," anſwered ſhe, ſo
" neither hath it power to weaken ſuch
" a ſtrong and conſtant paſſion as mine:
" And it is rather my part to aſk you,
" my lord, how you can bear the ſight of
" a miſerable woman, both forſaken and
" betrayed, after you had given her the
" higheſt proofs of your bounty: Accuſe
" not me, but that alone of the liberty
" I take, ſince it was that only made
" us equal; and be not offended if I
" cannot, without envy, ſee the happy
" Reguertrude enjoy a treaſure I once
" poſſeſſed, and which, perhaps, ſhe doth
" not underſtand the value of. How
" much doth her happineſs exceed mine!
" Ah! would to heaven, my lord, you
" had beſtowed the crown upon her,
" provided your heart had been ſtill re-
" ſerved for me. It is a great piece of
" cruelty to be ſo rigorous to one you
" have truly love[illegible] dare appeal to all
" the world whet[illegible]y conduct deſerves
" ſuch uſage; but fame hath already been
" too buſy for my repoſe, in publiſhing
" your's.

" your's. And ſince you are returned
" with ſuch a fine equipage, ſince Re-
" guertrude and Sigebert honours the tri-
" umphs of your infidelity, what remains
" for me more to do, than to embrace
" the fetters I ſo much abhorred, and
" which you ſo obligingly broke. No,
" my lord, there wants nothing to com-
" pleat my miſery, but to let my old
" companions inſult over me, by ſeeing
" in what manner you puniſh my tranſ-
" greſſion. As your proceedings condemn
" me to a retreat, ſo your change will
" teach me to love it: And they who
" read the hiſtory of your life, will ſee
" in the mixture of my good and evil
" fortune, how far weakneſs prevailed
" over you, as well as what miſery at-
" tended me, after I had been raiſed to
" the very top of felicity."

Theſe moving and juſt reproaches re-kindled all Dagobert's flames; he now highly condemned himſelf; and finding Nantilda more beautiful in his eye than ever, the fear of loſing that precious treaſure,

made

made him tremble at the conduct that had ſuffered him to neglect it. It was needleſs to make uſe of elegant terms to expreſs his repentance; all his actions ſhewed it, and ſpake for him; he threw himſelf at the queen's feet, ſhed a torrent of tears, and expreſſed ſuch true compunction, that he eaſily obtained a pardon.

This tender reconciliation condemned Reguertrude to retire; Nantilda proved with child ſoon after; and, to the great joy of France in general, and Dagobert in particular, brought a ſon into the world, who was named Clovis.

Aribert was all this while tortured with love; every one pretended to gueſs at, but none could hit the cauſe of his uneaſineſs. The queen herſelf, though ſhe often overheard his ſighs, did not make a right interpretation of them, and was really concerned to ſee that young prince ſpend his beſt days in ſuch an obſtinate grief.

The

The king of Aquitain had a thouſand eſtimable qualities proper to create love; and Nantilda, who looked upon him not only as an accompliſhed man, but alſo as brother to Dagobert, was ſtudiouſly induſtrious to oblige him, and it was this agreeable conduct that haſtened his death. She invented ſeveral diverſions, which he reliſhed merely upon her account, and ſaid many obliging things prejudicial to his health, though conformable to his wiſhes; but as his wiſdom happily veiled the diſorders of his heart, the greateſt penetration could never find out the myſtery which there lay concealed.

But theſe ſufferings did at length produce dangerous effects; and the preſſures of the mind influencing the body, Aribert ſunk under the weight, and was ſeized with a violent fever, which in a few days manifeſtly threatened his life. The king was extremely grieved at this misfortune, and the queen more; ſhe ſeldom ſtirred from him, and ſhed ſo many tears in his preſence, that her's, inſtead of mitigating,

did but aggravate his pain. "Ah! my "lord," ſaid ſhe, one day, tenderly preſſing one of his burning hands, "has the "ſad Nantilda nothing to offer but un-"profitable tears? And muſt ſhe then "loſe a prince that was preſent at, and "whoſe goodneſs probably contributed to, "the raiſing of her fortune? That glo-"rious day divided my affections; for if "Dagobert commanded my reſpect and "love, you were no leſs maſter of my "friendſhip and eſteem." "That was "much more, Madam," anſwered the prince, in a weak, languiſhing voice, "than I could pretend to deſerve; for "had you known me thoroughly, you "would have granted nothing. Ah! "Madam, what a ſtrange impreſſion did "that ſight make upon me! If the king "loved, I may poſitively aſſert I adored "you; and though I uſed my utmoſt "endeavours to conceal the progreſs of "your beauty, I have been, nevertheleſs, "a perpetual ſufferer, and obliged to "ſtruggle with unſpeakable torments; "but, thanks to heaven, they will now

"ſoon

" ſoon be at an end, and I ſhall have " the conſolation of expiring before your " eyes. Be not offended at a declara- " tion juſtified by my laſt conduct, and of " which death will wipe out the crime " in a moment; and if you cannot " look upon me as an unhappy lover, " think upon me, at leaſt, as an unfor- " tunate brother."

Aribert pronounced theſe words with ſo much tenderneſs, grief, and paſſion, that his eyes grew ſtiff, his face pale, and he immediately fell into a fainting fit, from which he never recovered farther than to fetch ſome deep groans, which ended with his life. The queen did a long time bewail a prince ſo worthy of her tears: Dagobert was ſenſibly afflicted at his death, but being a true libertine, though a reputed ſaint, he ſoon buried his grief in luxury, and his intrigue with Reguertrude was not the only vexation that he gave Nantilda. As to that fair queen, ſhe behaved herſelf with ſuch admirable prudence and circumſpection, as acquired her

her the love of all her ſubjects: She never forgot Aribert, though ſhe lived to ſee Clovis in a condition of ſucceeding his father. In this prince began the race of the lazy kings.

FINIS.